

Our Gang

COMICS

10¢
No. 2

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



DELL

OUR GANG • BARNEY BEAR
TOM & JERRY • FLIP & DIP • PETE SMITH

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FROGGY LAUGHLIN
EDITOR

Hi, KIDS!

HERE'S OUR SECOND MAGAZINE AND I'M EDITOR THIS TIME. I SURE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOOK. I'VE MADE A LIST OF ALL THE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE - THIS IS IT...

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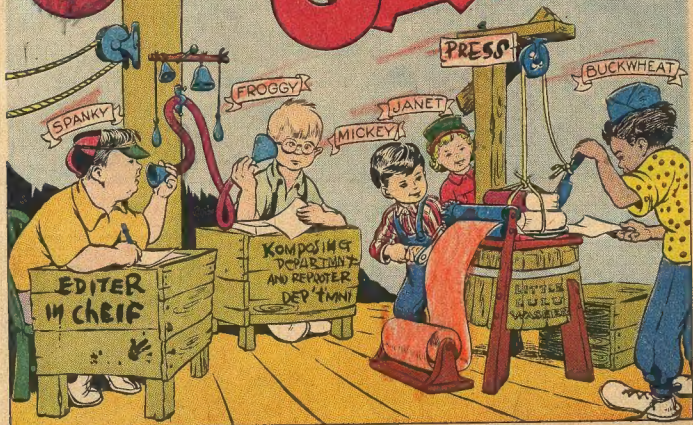
LIKE MY AUNT EMMA SAYS, IT'S A LONG WORM THAT HAS NO TURNING, SO TRY, TRY, AGAIN. ALL US GANG KIDS ARE TRYING TO FIND PICTURES AND STORIES YOU'LL LIKE. HERE IS A PICTURE OF US TAKEN WHILE WE WERE MAKING A MOVIE. TOM AND JERRY AND BARNEY BEAR ARE GETTING IN TROUBLE AS USUAL...

FROGGY LAUGHLIN, EDITOR

P.S. OUR GANG MEMBERS ARE SPANKY, JANET, MICKEY, BUCKWHEAT AND ME.



OUR GANG

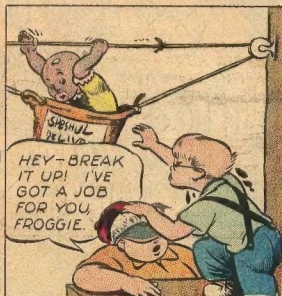
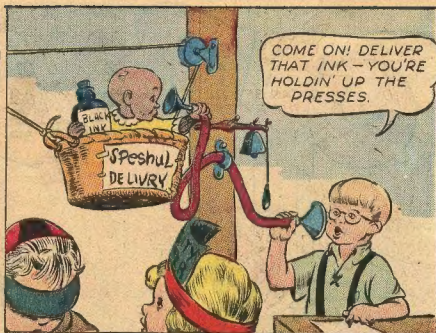


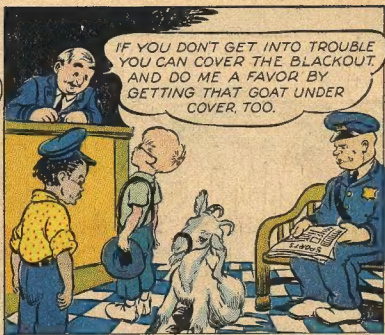
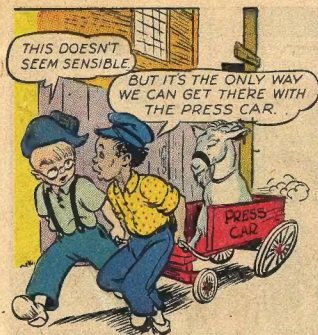
DIS HERE HIGH SPEED PRESS THAT FROGGY UNVENTED ONLY GET OUT FIVE COPIES AN HOUR AN' WE GETS OUT TWENTY-FIVE BY PLAIN OL' HAND PRINTIN'.

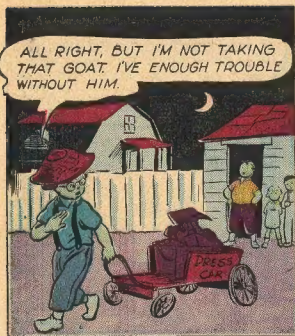
YES, BUT THIS IS MORE SCIENTIFIC.



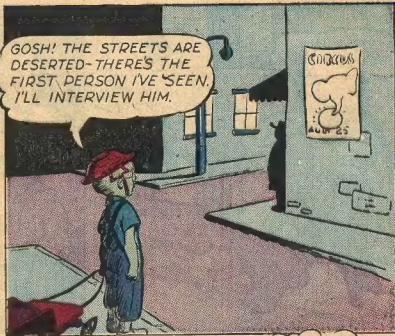
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



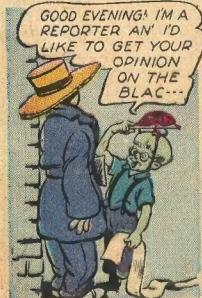




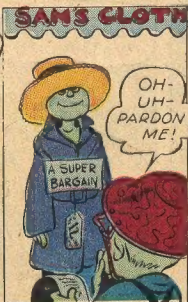
ALL RIGHT, BUT I'M NOT TAKING THAT GOAT. I'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT HIM.



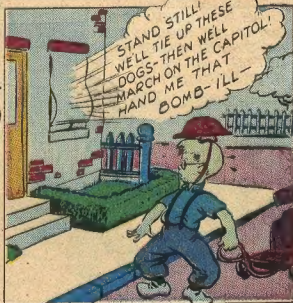
GOSH! THE STREETS ARE DESERTED-THERE'S THE FIRST PERSON I'VE SEEN. I'LL INTERVIEW HIM.



GOOD EVENING! I'M A REPORTER AN' I'D LIKE TO GET YOUR OPINION ON THE BLAC...



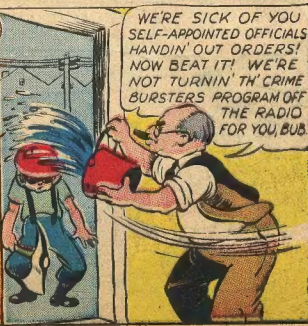
OH-UH-PARDON ME!



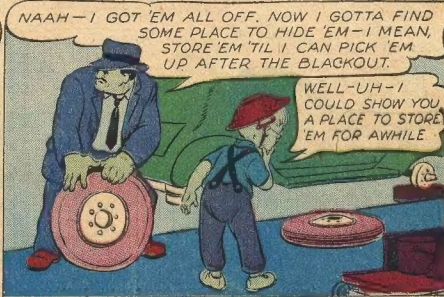
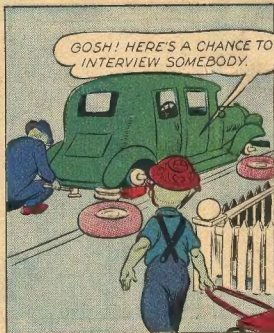
WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE IN THERE? DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL A COP-HEY-OPEN UP!



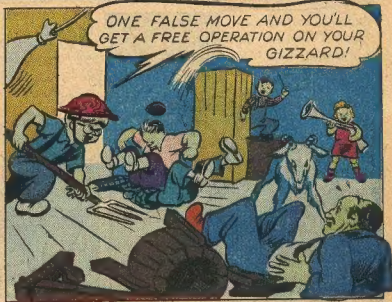
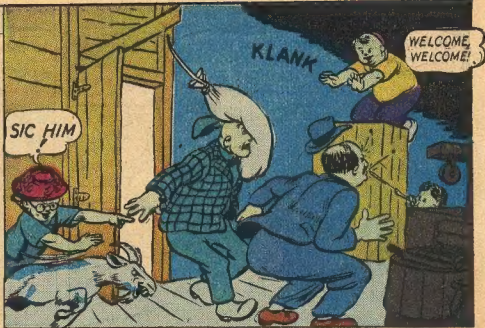
NICE WORK, HARVEY!

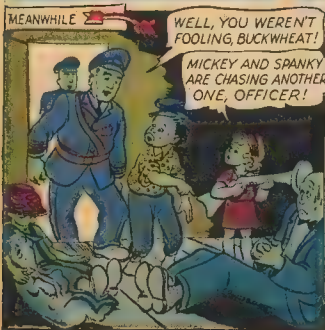
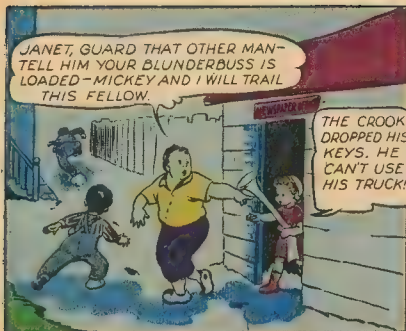


WE'RE SICK OF YOU SELF-APPOINTED OFFICIALS HANDIN' OUT ORDERS! NOW BEAT IT! WE'RE NOT TURNIN' TH' CRIME BURSTERS PROGRAM OFF THE RADIO FOR YOU, BUB.











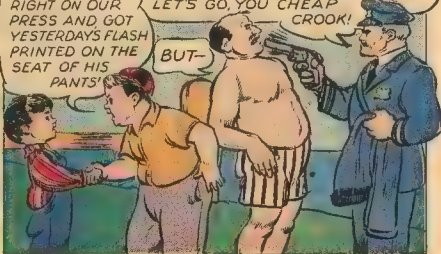
HEY, LOOK!



THAT PROVES IT, MICKEY- HE SAT RIGHT ON OUR PRESS AND GOT YESTERDAYS FLASH PRINTED ON THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS!

COME ON, NO MORE ALIBIS. YOU'RE CAUGHT WITH YOUR PANTS OFF! LET'S GO, YOU CHEAP CROOK!

BUT--



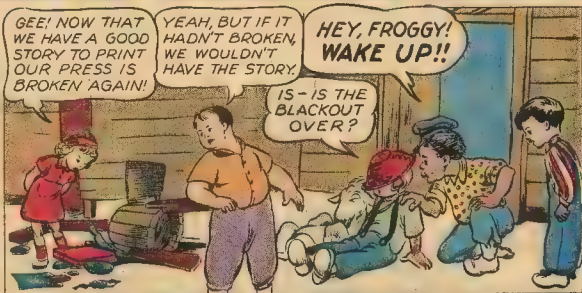
TO THE KIDS WIN HIGH PRAISE FROM THE POLICE CHIEF FOR THEIR WORK. THEN THEY RETURN TO THE CLUB.

GEE! NOW THAT WE HAVE A GOOD STORY TO PRINT OUR PRESS IS BROKEN AGAIN!

YEAH, BUT IF IT HADN'T BROKEN, WE WOULDN'T HAVE THE STORY.

HEY, FROGGY! WAKE UP!!

IS- IS THE BLACKOUT OVER?

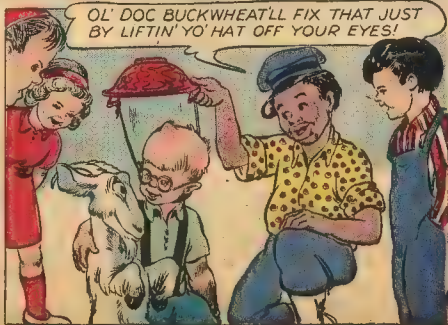


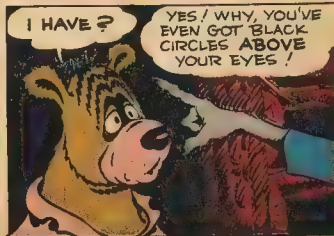
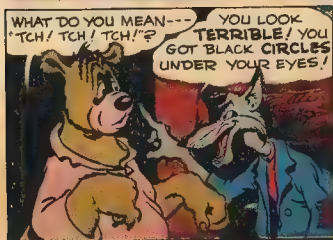
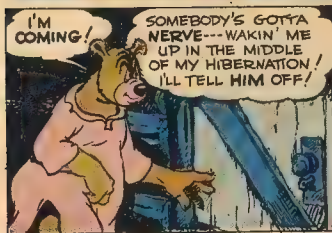
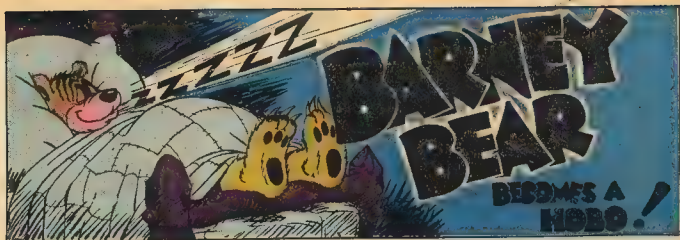
SURE IT'S OVER!

THEN I MUST BE BLIND! I CAN'T SEE A THING!



OL' DOC BUCKWHEAT'LL FIX THAT JUST BY LIFTIN' YO' HAT OFF YOUR EYES!





MAYBE I'M SICK!



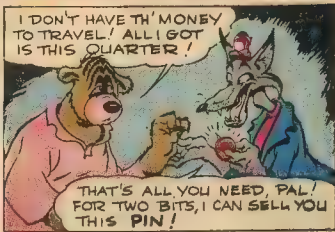
YOU SHOULD GET AWAY FROM THIS HUM-DRUM EXISTENCE! TRAVEL! SEE ALL THE INTERESTING THINGS IN THIS WORLD OF OURS!



I'VE SEEN CASES LIKE THIS BEFORE! YOU'RE WORN OUT! YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING TOO HARD! YOU NEED A CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT!

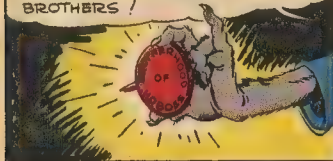


I DON'T HAVE TH' MONEY TO TRAVEL! ALL I GOT IS THIS QUARTER!



THAT'S ALL YOU NEED, PAL! FOR TWO BITS, I CAN SELL YOU THIS PIN!

IT ENTITLES YOU TO TRAVEL ANYWHERE FREE, AND ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY AN PRIVILEGES OF OUR GREAT FRATERNITY OF BROTHERS!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I NEED TO GET OUT MORE! THANKS FOR YOUR ADVICE AND THE PIN!



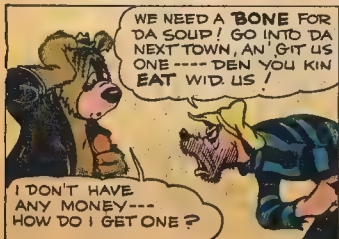
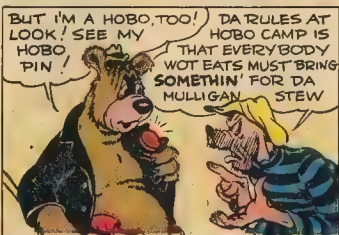
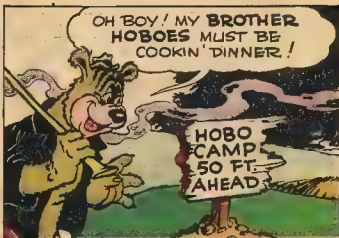
IT'S A PLEASURE, BROTHER!

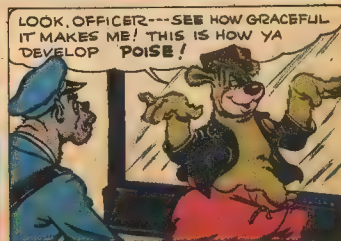
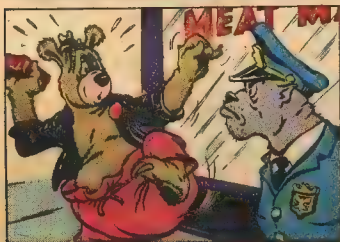
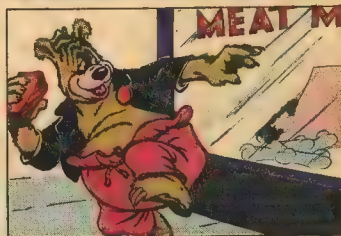
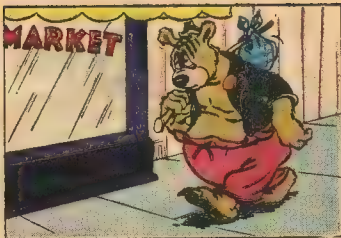
YES, SIR, A REAL PLEASURE!

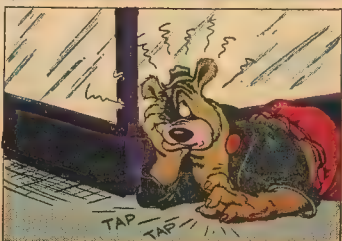
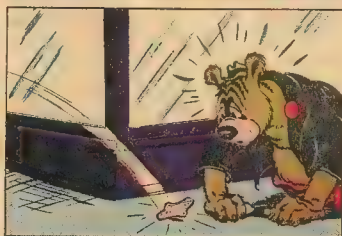
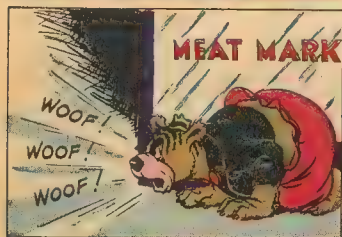
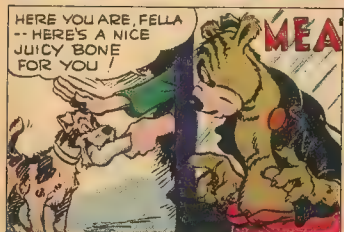
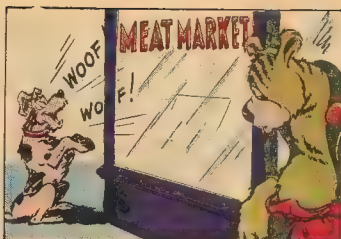
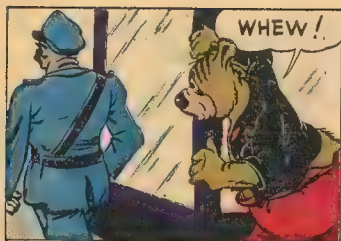


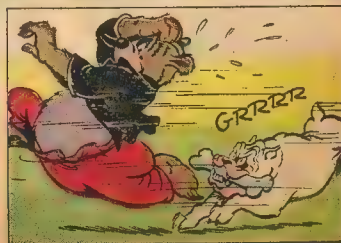
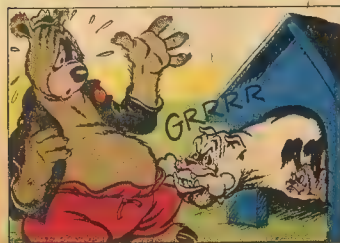
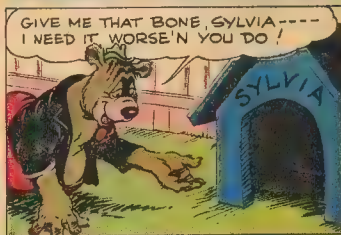
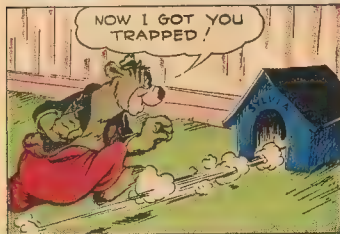
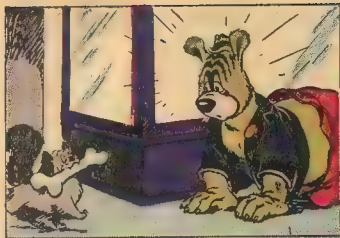
JUST THINK! I AM NOW A FULL FLEDGED HOBO!

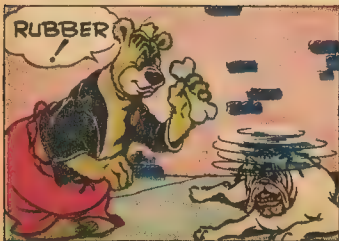
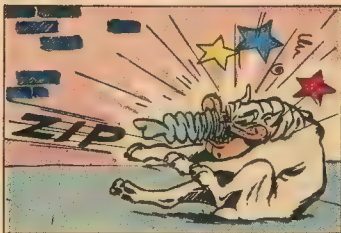
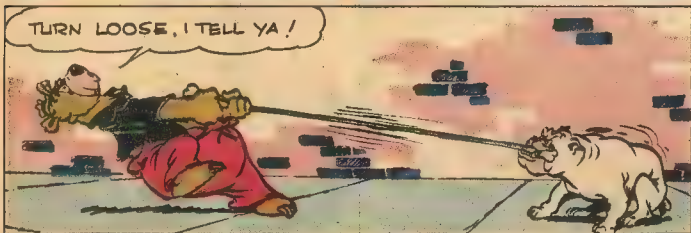
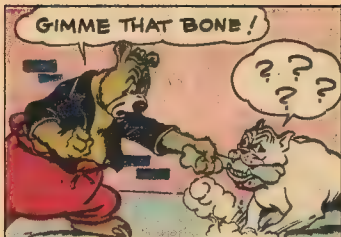


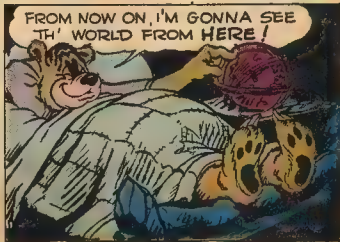
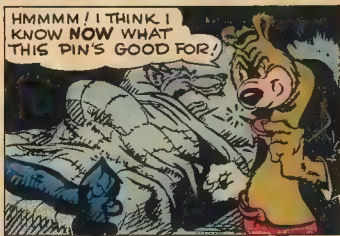
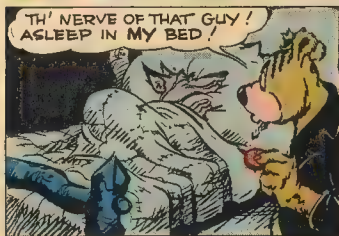
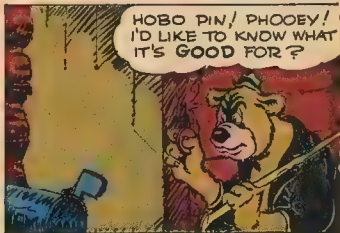














The KILLER DILLER BOYS

BASED ON THE M-G-M CARTOON,
COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY LOEW'S INC.

ON THE WALL of the Longhorn jail the sheriff had nailed up a poster. It showed the Killer Diller Boys ready for the kill. The words underneath were not a welcome.

Coming around the corner of the jail, the Killer Diller Boys caught sight of the poster and cheered.

"That looks just like me!" they shouted in chorus. "YIPPEE!"

"We ought to celebrate it!" whooped Mohave Mike, the biggest of the three.

"We'll slide into the saloon across the street," hissed Sidewinder Slim.

"Let'th go!" lisped Poodle Pete, the smallest, through his brush of whiskers.

As they blitzed across the way, Wild Bill Blaze, the sheriff, barged out of his office.

"Please be more considerate, boys," he cried.

"He's dangerous," Sidewinder Slim whispered in Mike's ear. "We mustn't let him talk us into anything!"

"I won't give him the chance!" Mike gritted, threading the end of his cartridge belt into his gun. "I'll mow him down!"

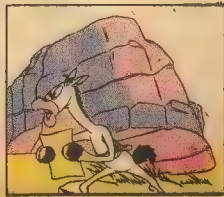
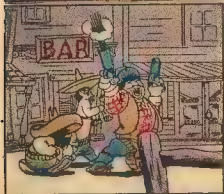
"R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R!" roared Mike's sixty-shooter.

The sheriff sat down and passed out, leaving the Killer Diller Boys to go on their uproarious way.

At the same time that the three bandits were shooting up the town, the Lonesome Stranger was combing the near-by woods in search of his horse, Sliver. Sliver was merely taking a nap alongside the trail, but the Lonesome Stranger never thought to look there.

Sliver waked up to see an Indian Western Onion Telegraph messenger whizzing toward him on his motor scooter. Leaping off, the Indian sang his telegram in a deep bass voice:

"The sheriff has been shot,
The sheriff has been shot."



I've heard he has, I know he has,
The sheriff has been shot."

Sliver was horrified. He knew that the Lonesome Stranger must be told at once. Seizing the telegram, he rushed away to the woods, shouting his master's name.

The Lonesome Stranger responded with a glad cry of, "Yahoo, Sliver—this wa-ay!"

In a moment, horse and man had found each other. Feeling much less lonesome, the Stranger snatched the telegram from his faithful Sliver.

"The Killer Dillers must be stopped!" he cried hoarsely. "Every moment counts now!"

He stooped over. Sliver swung lightly onto his back, with a ringing cry of, "Yahoo! Ye-ay!" As they dashed away, Sliver clapped his forehoofs against his saddle to imitate a horse galloping.

Reaching the town of Longhorn, the Lonesome Stranger tied his panting horse to the hitchrail and gave him a last pat on the nose.

"I have a feeling that my time has come, Sliver," he sighed. "I suspect that the Killer Diller Boys are still lurking in the saloon. If so, I shall surprise them!"

Carefully he drew his two silver-handled guns. Through the swinging doors he stepped. His eyes flashed coldly as he saw the wrecked bar.

"Come out of your holes, you rats!" he commanded, never seeing Mohave Mike entering the door behind him.

After Mike came Sidewinder Slim and Poodle Pete, stepping high, wide and handsome with their bare feet. At the same moment their six sixty-shooters flashed out.

"Reach for the roof!" they howled all together.

The Lonesome Stranger dropped his guns and turned, trying to look down the barrels of six sixty-shooters at once.

"Y-Yahoo, S-Sliver! Th-Th-This wa-a-ay!" he stuttered.

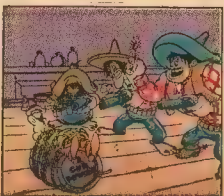
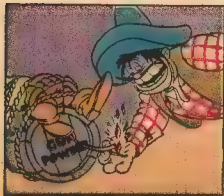
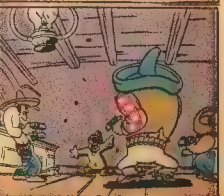
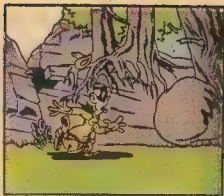
But Sliver was tied fast to the hitchrail.

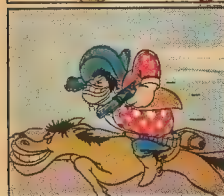
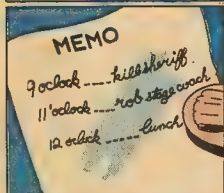
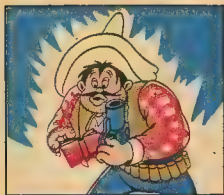
"Let'th thee if he can danthe," lisped Poodle Pete, aiming a shot at the Lonesome Stranger's heels.

The Stranger broke into a fast tap dance.

Suddenly Sidewinder Slim spread out his hands. "We must save our ammunition, friends," he hissed, "and find some cheaper amusement."

"Okay," Mohave Mike shouted. "There's a barrel of gun-





powder in the corner. We'll tie the Lonesome Stranger to it. Then we'll touch a match to the fuse and blow him higher than a kite!"

Slim and Pete yelled with joy. They seized the Lonesome Stranger and quickly tied him to the barrel.

"Haw-haw-haw!" Mohave Mike chuckled, as he touched a lighted match to the fuse "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

As the fuse burned down toward the gunpowder, Mohave Mike recalled something. Whipping out his memo book he thumbed through the pages.

"Yep! Here it is!" he exclaimed. "I knew we had something else on the program today. Listen to this, boys! We're due to rob the stagecoach at eleven o'clock, and it's just 10:59 now!"

"We'll be just in time!" grinned Sidewinder Slim.

"Let-th thcrum!" Poodle Pete whistled.

Their swift broncos were tied behind the saloon. With a loud whoop they dived through the broken windows and landed in their saddles.

"We're off!" bellowed Mohave Mike, in a cloud of gun-smoke.

Far down the road the Killer Dillers espied a cloud of dust. It was the stagecoach bringing the mail.

"We'll stop it at the next bend, boys," growled Mohave Mike, twirling his mustache.

With a ferocious war whoop he jerked out his guns and charged. The stage driver heard it and looked up.

"The Killer Diller Boys!" he gasped. "They'll never take me alive!"

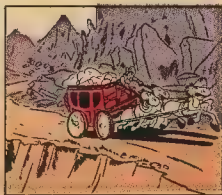
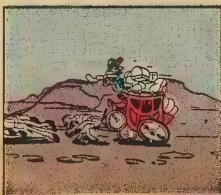
As he spoke, he pulled on the lines and stepped on the brake. The coach screamed and turned on one hind wheel. The next instant it was bouncing over the short cut to the canyon bridge.

"As long as the wheels stay put, we'll git thar!" the stage driver gritted.

The stage hit a bump and stayed in the air for a quarter of a mile. When it landed, the mailbags in the rear broke open. The letters flew, like feathers out of a pillow.

"Somebody else will have to pick them up," the driver stated. "The bridge is just ahead."

The stagecoach hit the bridge at ninety miles an hour.



The shock raised waves in the river beneath and loosened the horses' back teeth.

They zipped across that bridge at such a speed that the wheels plowed up every plank.

"I reckon that will stop them killers!" the driver chuckled, looking back. "The only thing that could cross that bridge is a trolley car."

The Killer Diller Boys were not to be stopped by anything so simple, however. Without slowing their speed, they wrapped their legs around their horses' bellies and grabbed a rail in each hand. They were going so fast that they slid right across.

"We're catching up with the coach!" yelled Mohave Mike, triggering both of his guns.

No bullets blasted from them; he'd used all his shells.

"Lemme by!" screamed Sidewinder Slim, just behind him.

"I'll blow that bouncing bandwagon to smithereens!"

Meanwhile, in the deserted barroom the fuse had burned down into the barrel to which the Lonesome Stranger was tied. With a blinding flash, the gunpowder went off.

Barrel, Lonesome Stranger and all, rose like a rocket—straight through the roof. They passed the only cloud in the sky, bumped into the stratosphere, and headed back toward Earth.

The Lonesome Stranger feebly wiggled his toes. His brains were still paralyzed.

"Ya-hoo, Sliver—this wa-ay!" he croaked faintly.

Opening his eyes, he looked up and saw stars. He crashed through the lone cloud. Far below him he saw the desert, the stagecoach, and the three Killer Diller Boys.

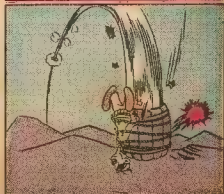
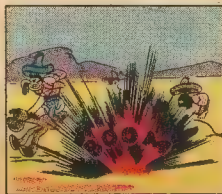
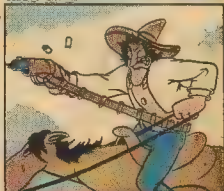
"They won't escape me now," he said grimly.

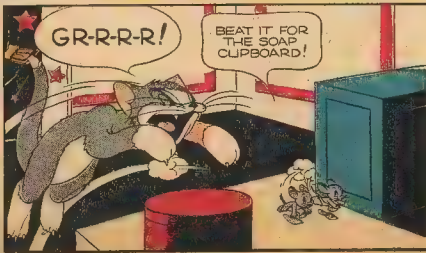
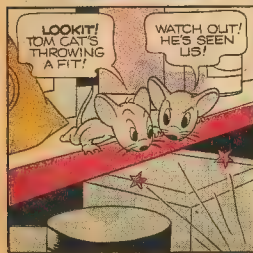
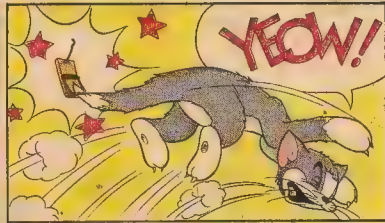
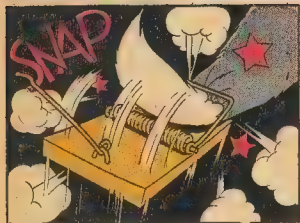
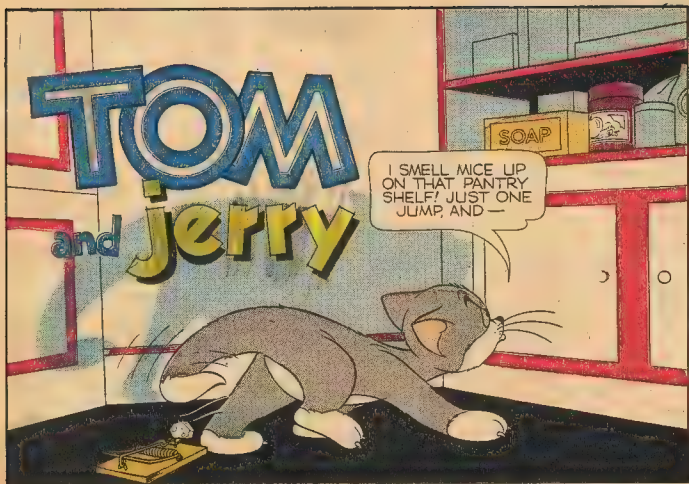
Using his feet for rudders, he nosedived straight to the mark. He struck the ground with such violence that he vanished in a bottomless hole. So did the Killer Diller Boys. On the way down they passed the Lonesome Stranger clinging to his rope.

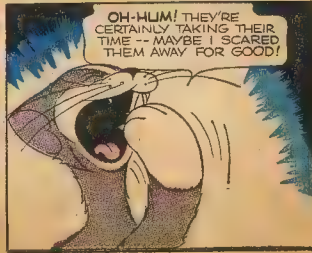
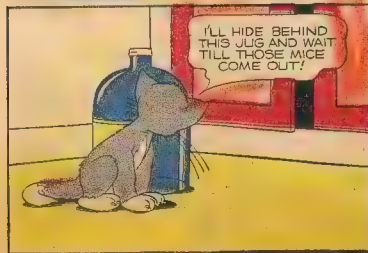
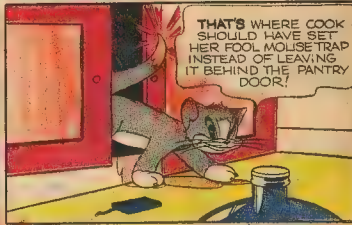
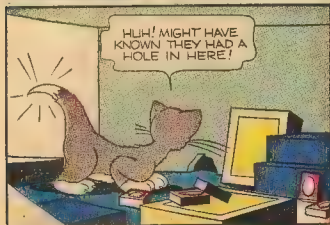
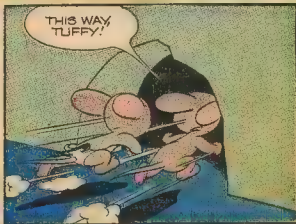
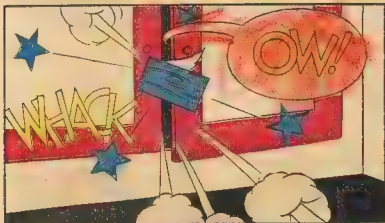
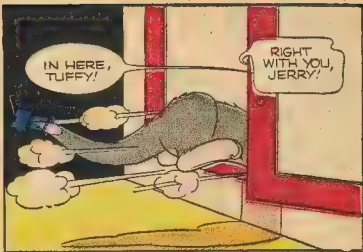
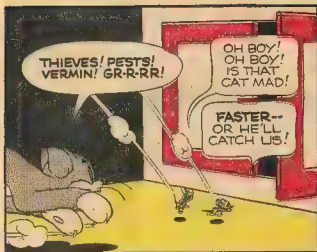
After a long time, the masked man's head appeared over the edge of the bottomless hole. As he swung a leg over the top, he saw that his trousers were gone, leaving only his red flannels.

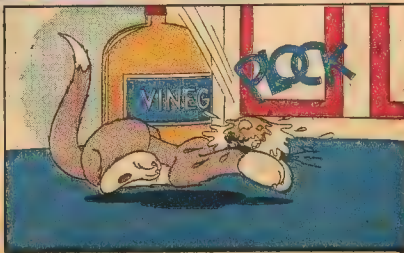
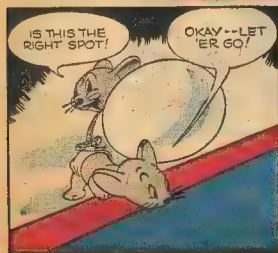
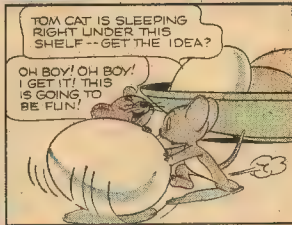
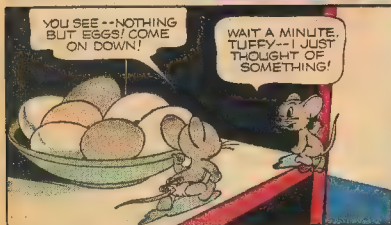
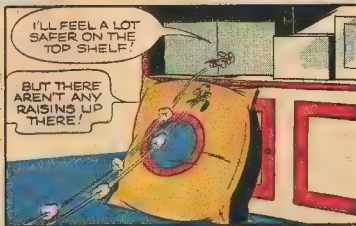
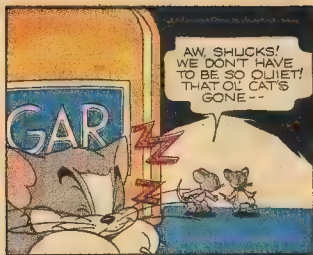
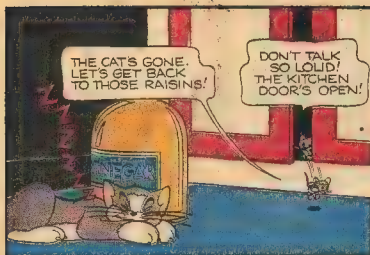
He blushed till he was the same color all over.

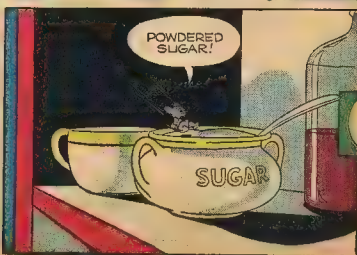
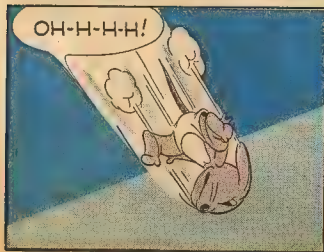
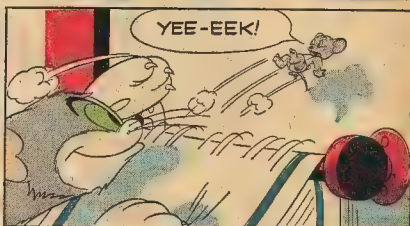
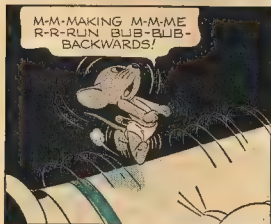
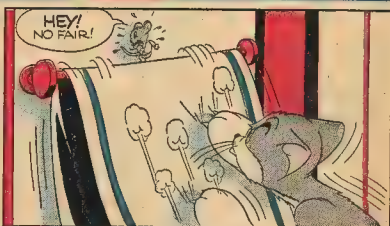
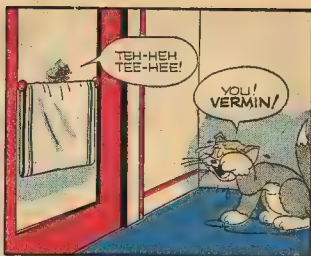
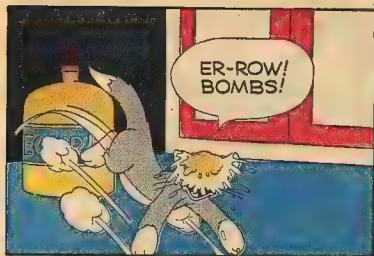
"Shocking!" he muttered. "I'd almost rather be seen without my mask!"

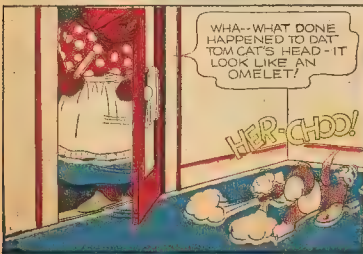
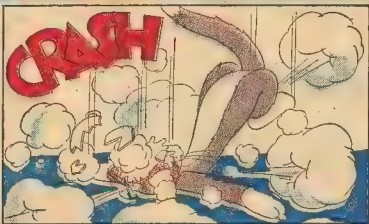
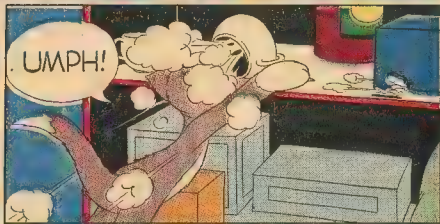
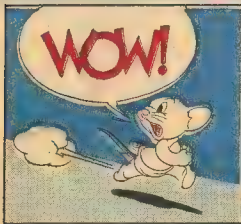
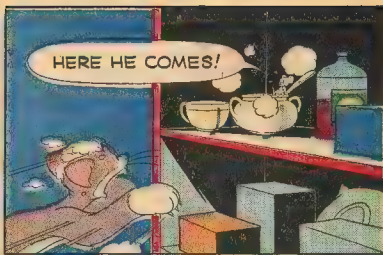
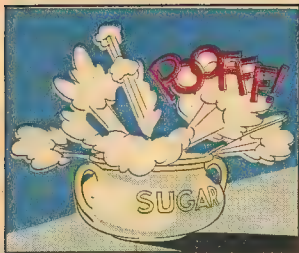


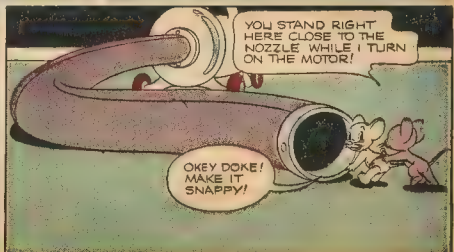
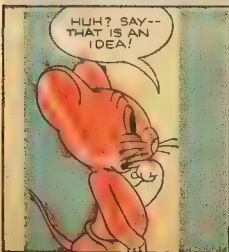
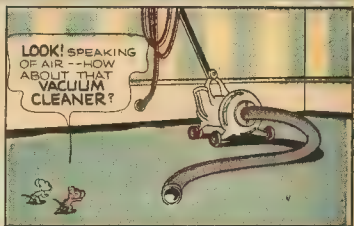
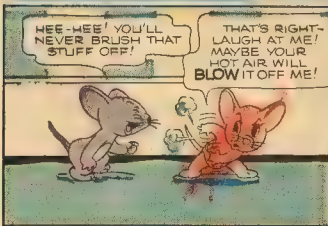
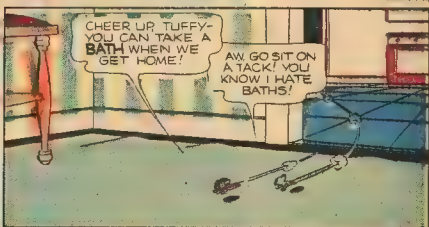
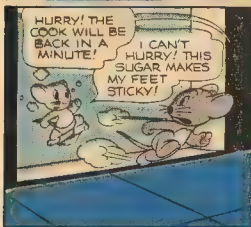
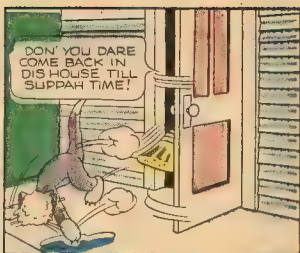


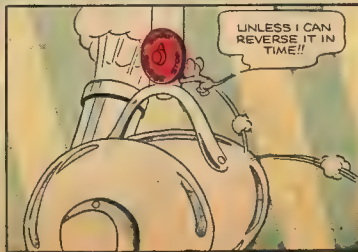
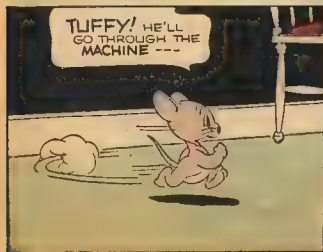
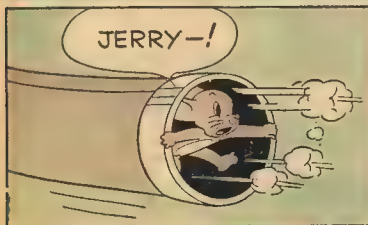
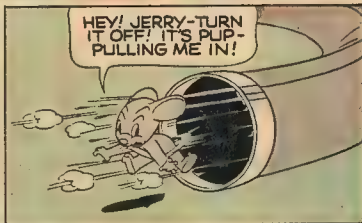
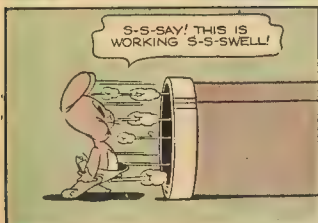
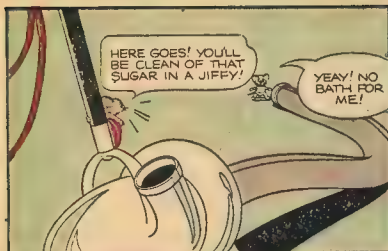


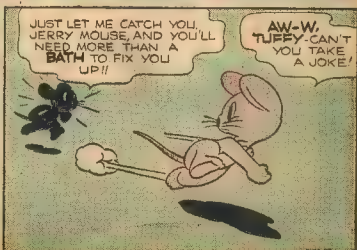
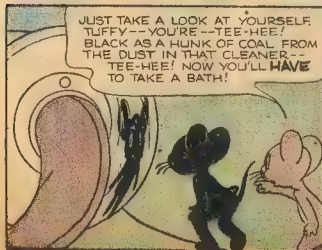
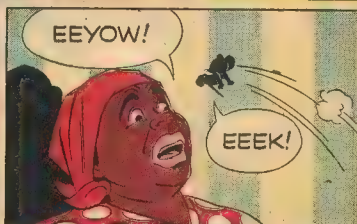
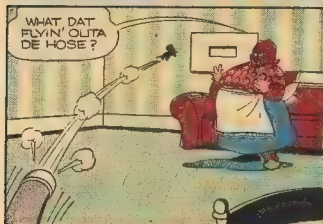
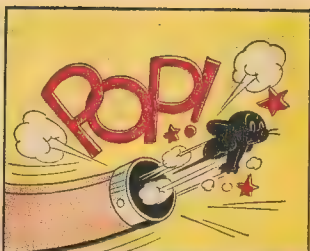
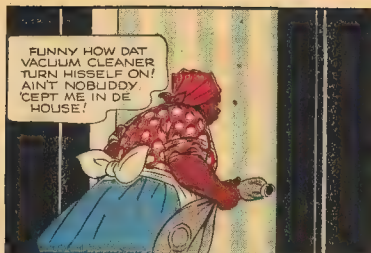










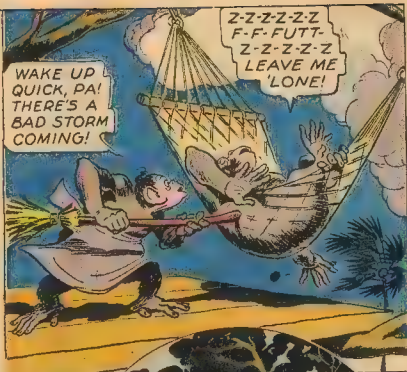


FLIP AND DIP

IN MONKEYSHINES

WAKE UP
QUICK, PA!
THERE'S A
BAD STORM
COMING!

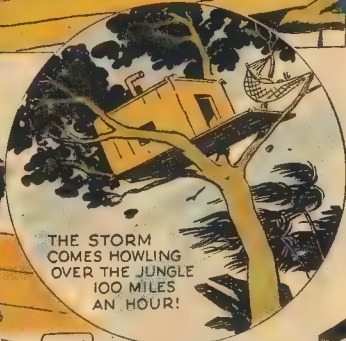
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
F-F-FUTT-
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
LEAVE ME
'LONE!



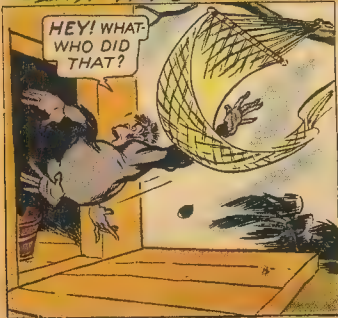
ALL RIGHT, YOU
LAZY SNOOZLER-
STAY THERE AND
SNORE! I HOPE
YOU GET A GOOD
SOAKING!



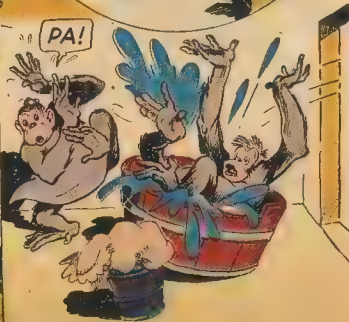
THE STORM
COMES HOWLING
OVER THE JUNGLE
100 MILES
AN HOUR!



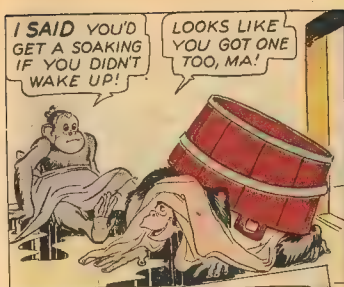
HEY! WHAT
WHO DID
THAT?



PA!



BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



I SAID YOU'D
GET A SOAKING
IF YOU DIDN'T
WAKE UP!

LOOKS LIKE
YOU GOT ONE
TOO, MA!



FLIP! DID!
WHERE ARE
YOU YOUNG
'UNS? COME
INSIDE BEFORE
YOU BLOW
AWAY!



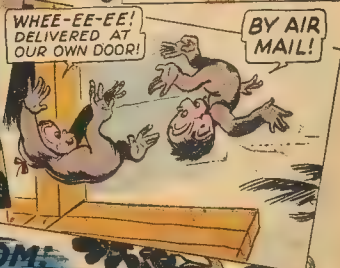
HOW D'YA LIKE THE
BREEZE, FLIP?

THWELL!
I FEEL JUHT
LIKE A FLAG!



I MEAN A
KITE-

WITHOUT
A KITE
STRING!



WHEE-EE-EE!
DELIVERED AT
OUR OWN DOOR!

BY AIR
MAIL!



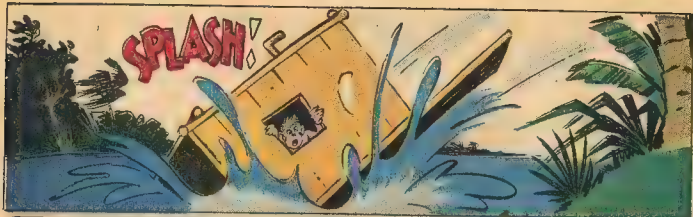
ZOO-OOM!



YOW! WE'RE
FALLING!

INTO THE
DRINK!

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD



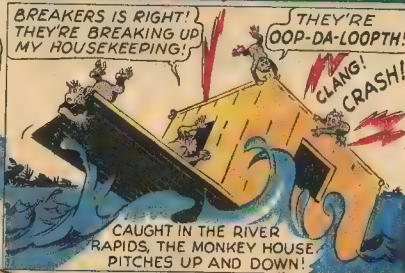
IT FLOATS, PA! JUST LIKE A BOAT!

I ALWAYS DID WANT TO BE A SAILOR! BREAKERS AHEAD!

BREAKERS IS RIGHT! THEY'RE BREAKING UP MY HOUSEKEEPING!

THEY'RE OOP-DA-LOOPH!

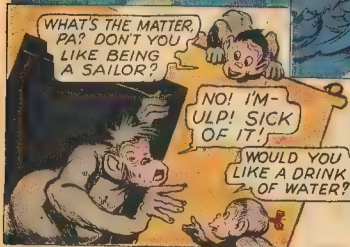
CLANG! CRASH!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PA? DON'T YOU LIKE BEING A SAILOR?

NO! I'M- ULP! SICK OF IT!

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK OF WATER?

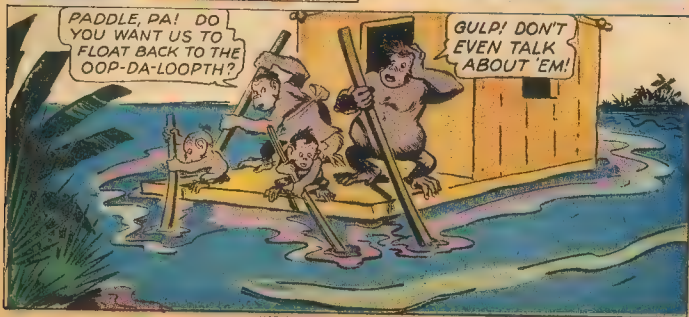


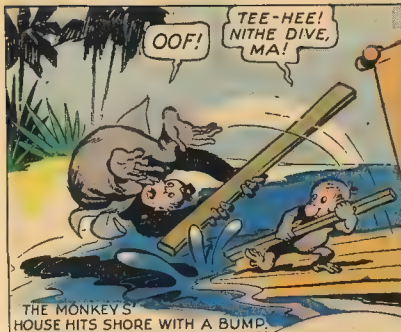
LAND HO! PULL FOR THE SHORE!



PADDLE, PA! DO YOU WANT US TO FLOAT BACK TO THE OOP-DA-LOOPH?

GULP! DON'T EVEN TALK ABOUT 'EM!





THE MONKEY'S HOUSE HITS SHORE WITH A BUMP.

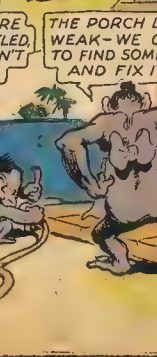
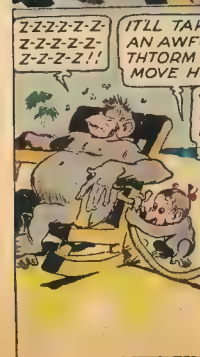
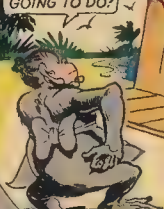
I'M NOT USED TO SUCH STRENUOUS EXERCISE-Z-Z! Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

IF THE WATER RITHETH-

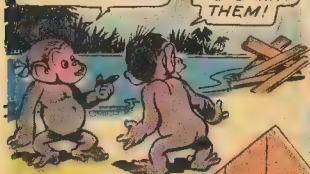
OR ANOTHER STORM COMES UP!

WE'LL TIE IT TO THE BANK!



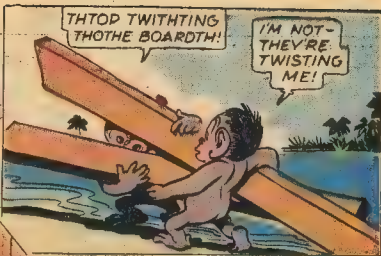
THERE ARE THOME
BOARDTH-WATHED UP
BY THE THTORM!

COME ON,
FLIP-HELP
ME CARRY
THEM!



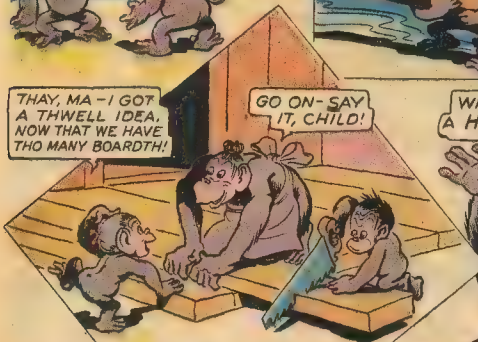
THTOP TWITHTING
THOTHE BOARDTH!

I'M NOT-
THEY'RE
TWISTING
ME!



THAY, MA - I GOT
A THWELL IDEA,
NOW THAT WE HAVE
THO MANY BOARDTH!

GO ON-SAY
IT, CHILD!

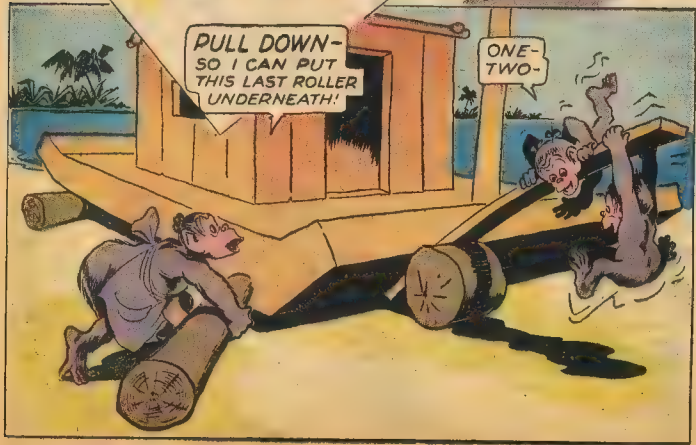


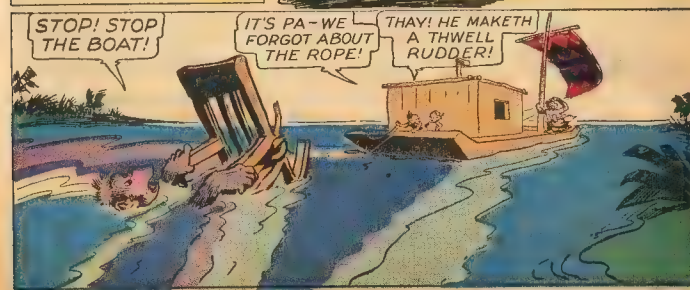
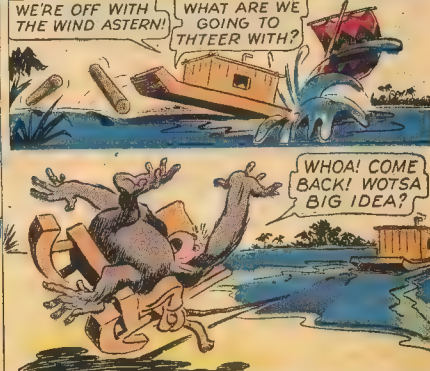
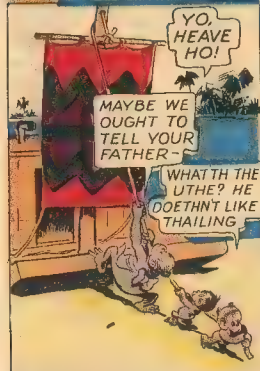
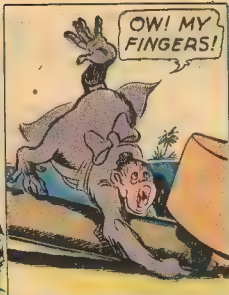
WHY NOT BUILD
A HOUTHBOAT!



PULL DOWN-
SO I CAN PUT
THIS LAST ROLLER
UNDERNEATH!

ONE-
TWO-





JIMMY WELLS

EXPLORER



"Take this mail up to Professor Tubbs," said Mrs. Wells, piling three parcel post packages and a bundle of letters on her son's outstretched arms. "I declare I never had a summer boarder who received so MUCH mail—and most of it from scientific societies!"

Jimmy Wells turned and ran upstairs, nearly spilling the mail in his haste. He was always ready for an excuse to call on Professor Tubbs.

This time, instead of calling, "Come in!" the stout little man of science opened the door himself.

"Are you Santa Claus or just the express man?" he laughed when he saw all the packages. "Lay them on my desk and sit down for a while, Jimmy. You can look at some stereoscope slides while I'm opening my letters!"

Jimmy Wells grinned from ear to ear as the professor opened his big leather trunk and lifted out the stereoscope. Jimmy had looked through that wonderful little instrument once before. It was only a foot long, made of wood and glass, but Jimmy knew that it was the gateway to a new, strange world.

"Now, pick your slide," Professor Tubbs invited, holding out a box of pictures pointed on plates of glass. "The last time you picked a bee. Try something else this time."

Jimmy chose one at random. It turned out to be a picture of several whitish, six-legged insects that looked like fuzzy ants. They were grouped at the end of a dark passageway with

curving walls.

Seated in Professor Tubbs' easy chair, Jimmy Wells pressed the stereoscope's eyepiece to his face. He stared harder. His hands shook a little with excitement, for he remembered what had happened the last time.

CLICK! The sharp, snapping sound seemed to be inside his head. Jimmy blinked, opened his eyes—and found himself in a dark place as big as a subway tunnel.

A grinding, gnawing sound made him turn to see five white, hairy creatures as large as himself, at the end of the tunnel. Quickly it dawned on him that these were the six-legged insects of the picture.

Jimmy moved closer. He saw that they were chewing with powerful, pincer-like jaws at the end wall. Behind them stood a larger, smooth-bodied insect, with weak-looking jaws.

"Hello!" said Jimmy Wells. "What are you all doing?"

At the sound of a human voice the larger insect turned like a flash. A round, black hole in the front part of his head gaped at Jimmy like the muzzle of a gun. So like a gunman's, was the insect's move that the boy actually threw up his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he gasped. "I'm a friend!"

The insect moved closer on his six strong legs. His small eyes looked near-sighted.

"A friend?" he said. "Yes, I can see that now, but it's not safe to walk up behind a



soldier on guard. I might have shot you."

Jimmy Wells looked at the round hole like a gun's muzzle in the insect's head. It made him feel shivery.

"I'll remember—next time!" he gulped. "Tell me what those other white ants are doing."

"White ants!" the soldier laughed. "You certainly ARE a stranger! Some people call us white ants but we're really termites. TERMES is our family name. My tribe are wood-eaters."

"You mean those other ter-termites are eating wood right now?" Jimmy Wells exclaimed. "How in the world do they digest it? If I ate sawdust it would give me stomach-ache for a week!"

"They don't digest it," Termes answered. "Little animals called protozoa live in the stomachs of the workers and turn the wood into sugar. Anybody can digest sugar—which reminds me that I'm hungry!"

Turning around, the soldier termite called to the insect nearest him. The fuzzy little worker came and put her head close to that of the smooth-bodied warrior. Jimmy saw that she was feeding him from her own mouth.

"Fair enough!" he thought. "If Termes takes care of the workers they OUGHT to feed him. I wonder what enemies he is guarding them against."

Jimmy's answer came before he had a chance to put the question. A shrill cry rang through the tunnel. It wasn't a sound, exactly, for Jimmy heard it more with his brain than

with his ears. It seemed to say: "To arms! The black ants are coming through the wall!"

"I was expecting that!" muttered Termes, turning and racing down the tunnel.

Jimmy Wells followed, as fast as he could run. Whatever danger threatened he felt safer sticking close to his soldier friend.

Termes plunged down a smaller, sloping passage that grew steeper and steeper. Unable to keep on his feet, Jimmy sat down and slid.

The well-like shaft ended in a large room where hundreds of soldier termites were facing a broken wall through which streamed bright sunlight. In the splintered opening appeared the armored heads and scythe-like fighting jaws of many big black ants.

In spite of his excitement Jimmy noticed



that the thin wooden wall seemed to have crumbled with its own weight.

At any moment he expected to see Termes and his brothers rush forward into deadly combat, but nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the termite soldiers moved back. The black ant warriors waited no longer. With their comrades crowding behind them, they leaped into the room.

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

Too fast for the eye to follow, something shot from the heads of Termes and his fellows toward the charging enemy. The foremost ants went down, in a tangle of strong legs and steel-hard bodies.

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

Again that nearly silent bombardment mowed down the ranks of the attackers. A black mound of struggling ants rose to replace the crumbled wall.





Glued tight together by the sticky fluid that the termite soldiers had fired, the ants could neither fight nor run away. And the other ant warriors could not climb over them without getting stuck.

As Jimmy stared in wonder another battle cry sounded. "The King!" it seemed to say. "The King and Queen are in danger. The ants are stealing our little ones!"

"Come!" shouted Termes to his fellow soldiers. "We're needed in the royal chambers!"

Jimmy Wells felt himself swept along with the crowd of termites. Crowding through a dark passage they came out into an enormous chamber. Here a pitched battle was raging. In a few seconds Jimmy was carried away from his friends in the tossing sea of bodies.

Once he caught a glimpse of the termite king and queen, ringed around with their soldiers. Farther on he saw row upon row of baby termites. The big black ants were snatching some of these and running away with them. On the floor lay many dead termite

soldiers who had used up their sticky ammunition and been killed by their enemies.

Suddenly, Jimmy felt himself seized about the waist. Twisting his head, he looked up into the fierce, black face of a warrior ant. He almost fainted. The long, knife-like jaws above him could have snipped his head off at one bite.

Jimmy felt himself being dragged rapidly along underneath the ant, with just his feet touching the floor.

"Where—where are you taking me?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"Out of danger, you silly!" the ant soldier replied. "You haven't any armor, and you're NOT a termite; so it's my duty to save your life."

Lifting his head, Jimmy could see light shining through another crumbled wooden wall, just ahead. The ant pulled him through, dragged him swiftly through a forest of green stalks that Jimmy guessed was grass, and dropped him in a little clearing.

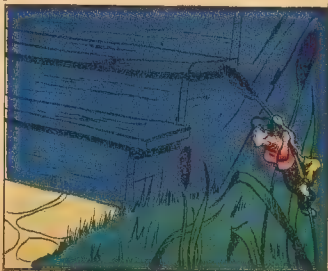
"Stay there till I come for you," she said. "After the fight, I'll take you home."

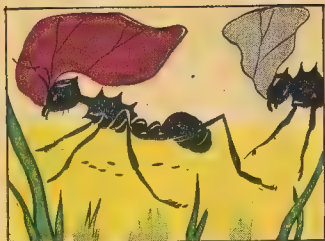
When the female ant soldier had gone, Jimmy climbed up a tall stalk of grass. He wanted to see where in the world he was now.

In the distance rose an enormous building, whose wooden porch steps were tilted badly at one side. Jimmy saw that the wooden sill underneath them had broken down like thin cardboard.

"It's MY OWN HOUSE!" he cried. "The termites have eaten out the wood of those steps so they're falling to pieces!"

Shinning down the grass stem, he wondered how he could ever climb those steps, since he





was now no larger than an ant.

He hadn't long to think about it, for into his little clearing marched a line of black ants with bright colored parasols over their heads. The parasols weren't the kind that you open and close on a stick. They were simply pieces of green leaves or flower petals, so large that they had to be carried that way.

Jimmy Wells was so interested in what they were doing that he started to follow them. These ants were of a tribe different from the ones who had attacked the termites. They had sharp spikes on their chest armor and very long legs.

"What are you going to do with those leaves and petals?" Jimmy asked the last ant in line.

"Come along and see," replied the worker. "It's hard to explain with my mouth full of leaf."

Not far ahead Jimmy glimpsed the dark mouth of a tunnel in the ground. The leader of the parasol procession was just backing into it, pulling and tugging at her piece of leaf.

Jimmy followed his new friends down into a room underground. There the parasol ants threw their leafy burdens down in front of some smaller workers. These little sisters immediately began to chew them to tiny pieces and place them on a damp, musty pile of stale fragments.

"What good," asked Jimmy, "are those rotting leaves?"

"Good for growing fungi," answered one of the larger ants. "You'd call them mushrooms. They're the biggest part of our food. Now I'm going out to cut some more leaves—want to come?"

Jimmy was glad to leave the damp-smell-

ing fungus beds. Out in the sunlight he had followed the line of ants for some distance when he heard a cry for help. It came from a round pit in the sand.

Looking over the edge, Jimmy saw the warrior who had rescued him. She was trying desperately to climb the steep side of the sand pit.

"Help!" she cried. "There's an ANT LION at the bottom of this pit! He'll eat me!"

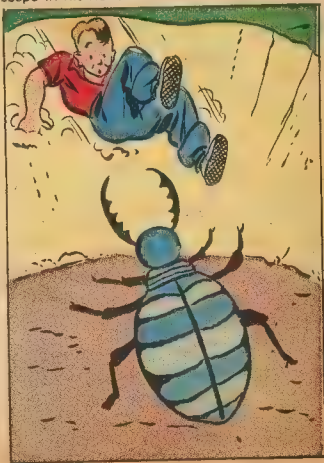
Jimmy Wells saw that every time the ant climbed part way up the side a shower of sand thrown from the bottom hit her and knocked her back. The thrower lay half buried, with only its head and cruel jaws showing.

Jimmy reached down his hand. The ant made a last scramble and grabbed it. She pulled herself over the top.

The next instant a shower of sand knocked Jimmy off balance. He felt himself sliding into the pit. At the bottom he saw the ant lion's jaws waiting for him. . . .

CLICK! Thump!

Suddenly Jimmy found himself back in Professor Tubbs' study on the floor. He had just slipped out of the easy chair, with the stereoscope in his hands.

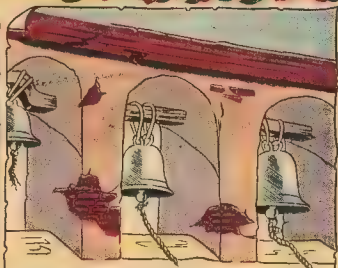


The FIRST SWALLOW

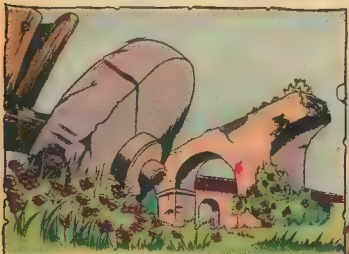
BASED ON THE M-G-M CARTOON,
COPYRIGHT 1942 BY LOEW'S INC.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SAN JUAN DESERT IS AN ANCIENT MISSION--CAPISTRANO. ALTHOUGH THE MISSION IS VERY, VERY OLD, IT IS STILL VERY BEAUTIFUL.



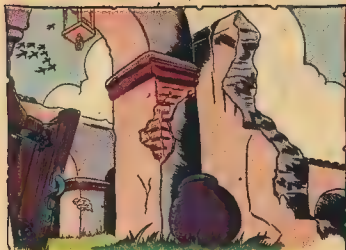
THE BELLS IN THE TOWER CONTINUE TO PEAL FORTH THEIR LOVELY AND INSPIRING TONES--



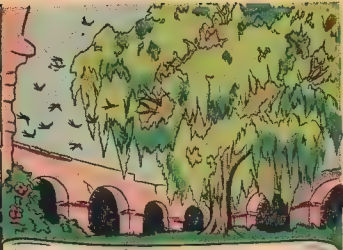
THE CRUMPLING VINE-COVERED BUILDINGS REST SERENELY IN THEIR BEAUTY--AND IT IS HERE THAT THERE IS FOUND THE LEGEND OF THE SWALLOWS.



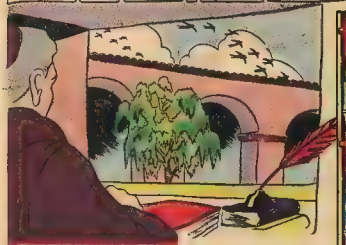
EVERY YEAR, ON THE SAME DAY, AND ALMOST THE SAME HOUR, FROM OUT OF THE NORTH, SWEEP GREAT FLOCKS OF SWALLOWS, ON THEIR ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE SOUTH.



DOWN THE SWALLOWS COME, OVER THE MISSION, AND ON THE VINE-COVERED WALLS THEY ALIGHT, HAPPY AT BEING AT CAPISTRANO ONCE MORE.



HOW STRANGE, PEOPLE SAY, THAT THE BIRDS COME EVERY YEAR AT THE SAME TIME. BUT IT IS NOT SO STRANGE, FOR A LONG TIME AGO THERE WERE NO BIRDS HERE --



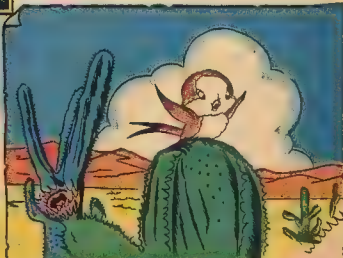
IN THOSE DAYS, A KIND OLD PADRE WOULD SEE THE BIRDS FLYING ABOVE, AND WOULD WISH THAT SOME TIME THEY WOULD STOP THERE. IF ONLY FOR A BRIEF MOMENT.



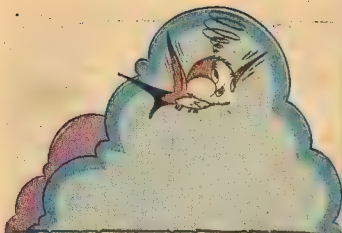
AND THE LITTLE PEPPER TREE IN THE MISSION COURTYARD WOULD SIGH WITH LONELINESS, AS THE BIRDS CONTINUED ON THEIR SWIFT JOURNEY, UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN--



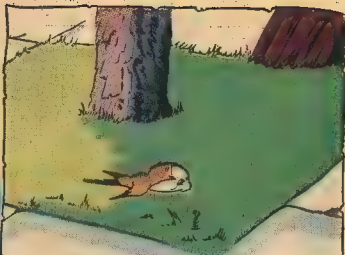
GREAT FLOCKS OF SWALLOWS ARE FLYING OVER THE MISSION AT CAPISTRANO, WINGING THEIR WAY TO THE SOUTH.



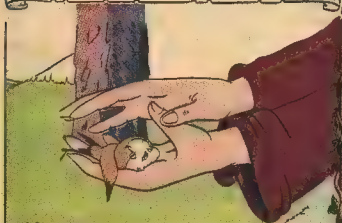
BUT ONE LITTLE ONE, MUCH SMALLER THAN THE REST, IS TOO TIRED TO GO ON, AND HE DROPS TO A CACTUS PLANT TO SIT AND REST.



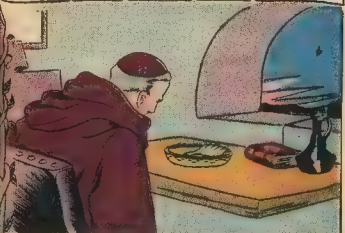
LOOKING UP, THE LITTLE SWALLOW SEES HIS FRIENDS FLYING ON WITHOUT HIM. SPREADING HIS WINGS AND TAKING OFF ONCE MORE, HE TRIES TO CATCH UP WITH THEM.



BUT THE LITTLE BIRD IS MUCH TOO WEAK AND TIRED TO CONTINUE THE JOURNEY. EXHAUSTED, HE DROPS TO THE GROUND IN THE MISSION GARDEN.



GENTLY, THE KIND OLD PADRE PICKS UP THE LITTLE TRAVELER. "POOR LITTLE ONE, HE IS TOO YOUNG TO FLY SOUTH," THE PADRE MURMURS, AS HE TAKES THE LITTLE BIRD INTO HIS STUDY.



TENDERLY THE PADRE DRESSES THE SWALLOW'S WOUNDS. THEN HE PLACES HIM IN A BASKET, AND THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT HE KEEPS WATCH OVER HIS LITTLE VISITOR.



AT LAST THE TINY BIRD OPENS HIS EYES. HE SEEMS TO SMILE AT THE PADRE. THEN THE PADRE KNOWS THAT THE LITTLE ONE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.



AFTER MANY WEEKS THE LITTLE BIRD IS WELL ENOUGH TO HOP ABOUT ON THE TABLE. AS THE PADRE WRITES, THE LITTLE ONE PLAYS A MERRY GAME WITH THE MOVING PEN.

SUDDENLY THE
LITTLE BIRD
MAKES ONE GREAT
LEAP TO THE PADRE'S
SHOULDER. THEN
THE KIND OLD PADRE
KNOWS THAT THE
LITTLE ONE IS READY
TO FLY AGAIN, AND
HE CARRIES HIM
OUT TO THE PEPPER
TREE



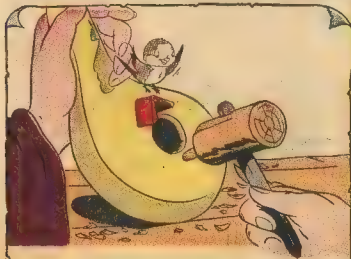
"SOON YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE FLYING NORTH AGAIN,"
THE PADRE SAYS, "AND YOU MUST LEARN TO FLY SO
THAT YOU CAN GO WITH THEM--DO NOT BE AFRAID."



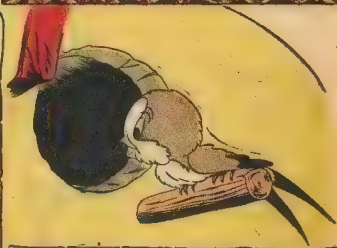
THE LITTLE BIRD IS FRIGHTENED, BUT AFTER A FEW
BAD ATTEMPTS, HE TAKES TO THE AIR. PROUDLY HE
SOARS TO THE MISSION WALL AND LANDS GRACEFULLY.



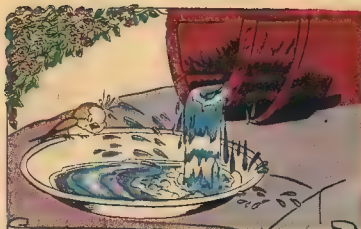
"WELL," THE PADRE EXCLAIMS, "SO THE LITTLE ONE IS
LEARNING TO FLY AGAIN! SANTOS, THIS IS A GREAT
OCCASION. NOW WE MUST BUILD YOU A NEW HOME."



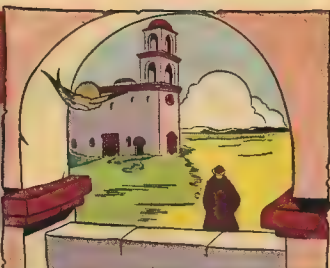
SO, FROM A GOURD, THE PADRE FASHIONS A HOUSE
FOR THE LITTLE ONE, WHILE THE BIRD FLIES ROUND
AND ROUND AND CHIRPS GAILY TO SHOW HIS JOY.



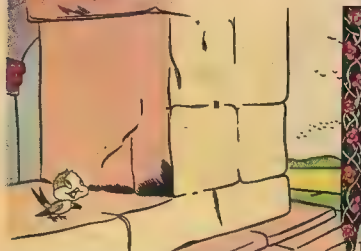
FOR MANY WEEKS, THE TWO LIVE HAPPILY TO-
GETHER. THEY BECOME GREAT FRIENDS, SPENDING
ALL THEIR WAKING HOURS WITH EACH OTHER.



TOGETHER, THE PADRE AND HIS LITTLE VISITOR EXPLORE THE WATER OF THE WELL. THE LITTLE BIRD WOULD LIKE TO BATHE IN HIS BOWL OF WATER, BUT THE PADRE EXPLAINS, "NO, NO, LITTLE ONE. THIS WATER IS NOT FOR THE BATH-- IT IS TO DRINK."

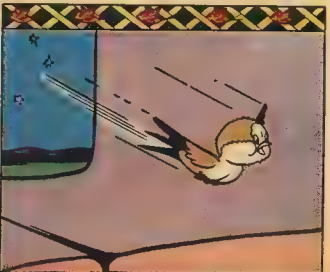
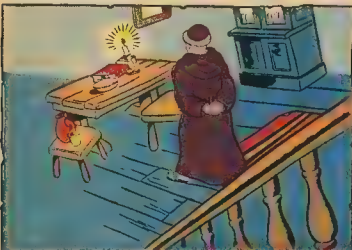


EVERYWHERE THE PADRE GOES, THE LITTLE BIRD GOES WITH HIM. EVEN WHEN HE GOES TO RING THE GREAT BELLS IN THE CHAPEL.



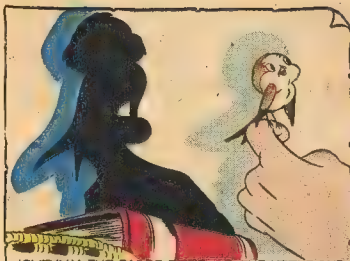
THEN ONE DAY, THE SWALLOWS GO BY AGAIN, WINGING THEIR WAY NORTH. THE LITTLE ONE IS OVERJOYED. NOW HE WILL SEE HIS FRIENDS AGAIN. BUT THE PADRE, TOO, HAS SEEN THE BIRDS.

THE PADRE IS VERY SAD, FOR NOW HE KNOWS HIS LITTLE FRIEND MUST LEAVE. BUT, "COME YOU MUST HURRY," HE SAYS, AS HE SENDS THE LITTLE BIRD OFF.

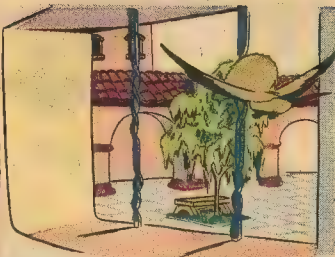


THAT NIGHT, THE PADRE IS VERY LONELY. HE WONDERS IF HE WILL EVER SEE THE LITTLE ONE AGAIN. HE THINKS OF HOW THE LITTLE BIRD USED TO COME AND SIT ON THE WINDOW SILL.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SOFT RUSTLE ON THE WINDOW SILL. THE PADRE LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE. HIS LITTLE FRIEND HAS RETURNED!



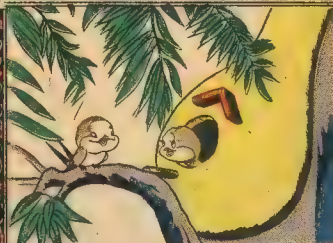
JOYFULLY THE PADRE PICKS UP THE LITTLE ONE. HE IS VERY HAPPY, BUT PUZZLED, TOO. "WHY DID YOU RETURN?" HE ASKS. "IT IS SO LONELY HERE FOR JUST ONE LITTLE BIRD."



FOR A REPLY, THE LITTLE ONE TURNS AND FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW. CHIRPING HAPPILY, HE BECKONS TO THE PADRE TO FOLLOW HIM OUT INTO THE GARDEN.



WONDERINGLY, THE PADRE GOES TO THE PEPPER TREE, WHERE HE HAD PUT THE LITTLE ONE'S HOUSE. EXCITEDLY, THE LITTLE BIRD PECKS ON THE DOOR OF HIS GOURD HOME.



AS THE PADRE WATCHES, PUZZLED, OUT FLIES ANOTHER LITTLE BIRD. IT IS THE LITTLE ONE'S MATE. THE PADRE SMILES HAPPILY, AS HIS TWO LITTLE FRIENDS PERCH ON HIS SHOULDERS.



AND SO THE LITTLE ONE MADE HIS HOME THERE WITH HIS MATE. THE TWO BIRDS AND THE KIND OLD PADRE WERE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER FOR MANY YEARS.



AND THOUGH WE ARE NOT CERTAIN, WE THINK THAT IS HOW THE SWALLOWS FIRST CAME TO CAPISTRANO, AND THAT IS WHY THEY RETURN EVERY YEAR ON THE SAME DAY AT ALMOST THE SAME HOUR TO NEST IN THE PEPPER TREE BESIDE THE BEAUTIFUL CRUMBLING BUILDINGS.



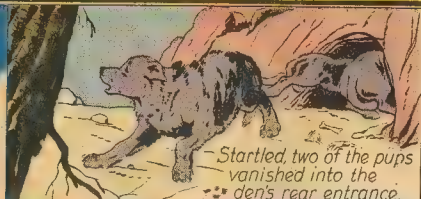
Hunting for food in the great, silent woods taught King to move silently... One day he surprised three wolf pups at play.



KING



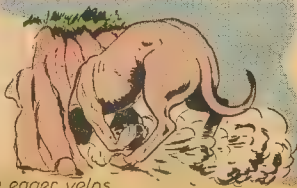
With a friendly bark, he hailed them.



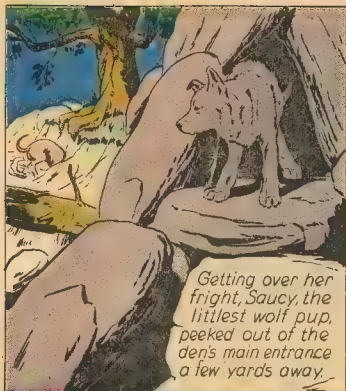
Startled, two of the pups vanished into the den's rear entrance.



King thought they were inviting him to a game of hide-and-seek.



With eager yelps, King tried to enlarge the opening.



Getting over her fright, Saucy, the littlest wolf pup, peeked out of the den's main entrance a few yards away.



King's lonely heart thrilled as Saucy tip-toed forward to touch noses.



At last King stopped to pant and rest—unaware of his audience until Saucy yelped.



At the sound King almost jumped out of his skin.



A hilarious game of tag followed.



With puppy-like clumsiness, Saucy trips and rolls over.

On the slope above the den, a baby bear heard the yelping and came out to see what made it.



Suddenly, the stone beneath him started to roll.



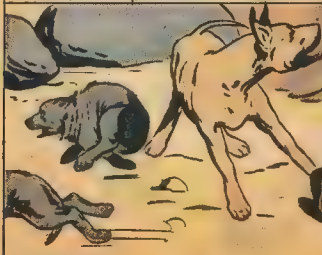
He somersaulted downhill into the middle of the game of tag.



King welcomed the furry stranger to join the game.

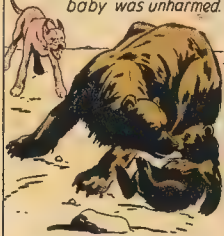


But Saucy playfully took a nip—and the baby bear squealed for its mother.

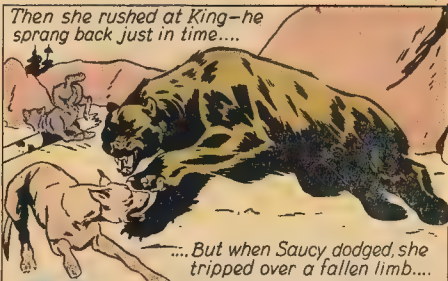


Without warning, the old she-bear plunged down the slope, grunting her fury.

For two seconds the old bear paused to make sure her baby was unharmed.



Then she rushed at King—he sprang back just in time....



....But when Saucy dodged, she tripped over a fallen limb....

It looked like her finish....



But before the bear could strike, King siezed her stumpy tail.



Twisting about, she raised a paw to smash him



The blow never fell—for the mother wolf had returned... Her fangs slashed at the bear's neck.





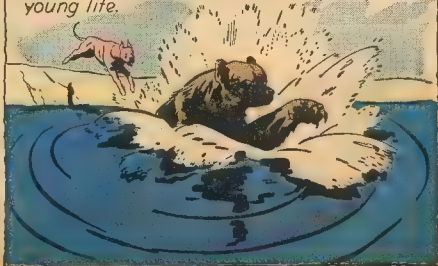
The bear pivoted like a boxer—but the she-wolf was too fast to be caught.



The mother wolf did not keep up the chase...She knew that neither the bear nor her cub would return.



But King followed his shaggy foe right over the river bank. He was having the thrill of his young life.

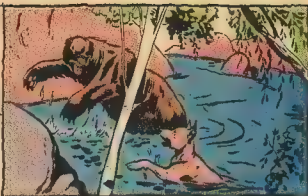


Left for behind, the cub lifted his baby voice in a wail.

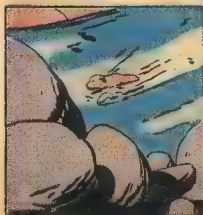


Ooooh!

The mother bear heard it and turned suddenly—a red-eyed killer.

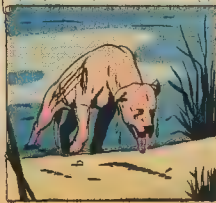


A blow of that terrible paw knocked King clear out of the water.



Instinct kept him swimming, despite the shock and hurt.

Around a bend of the river, he struggled ♦ With one foreleg nearly useless ♦ he dragged himself back toward shore, feeling as if ♦ the wolf den—to the only friends ♦ he knew in the big woods.



At the end of his strength, he lay down—licking his wounds and crying softly to himself as the shadows grew longer.

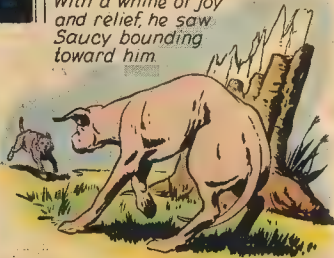


Thinking the bear had found him, King tried to run—and failed.



A dead stick snapped—as startling as a pistol shot

With a whine of joy and relief, he saw Saucy bounding toward him



Tenderly, the little wolf licked King's hurts... Her soft, caressing tongue took away the pain. And after coaxing a few minutes, she persuaded King that he could walk on three legs.



They reached the den with King leaning heavily against little Saucy for support.



Her two brothers wanted to play but Saucy warned them back... "Can't you see he's been hurt?" she snapped.



Crawling on his stomach King followed his little friend into the cool, dark den.



Gratefully, he took the meaty bone that Saucy brought him—the last thing he needed to make him feel really at home.

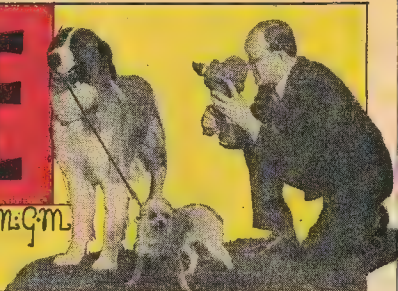


After dark, the mother wolf kept a lonely vigil at the den's entrance—King had been accepted as one of her own family.



Stuffie

AS RETOLD FROM THE M.C.M.
Pete Smith
SPECIALTY



Stuffie was a very happy little dog. His home was warm and comfortable, and he loved his young mistress—gay, freckle-faced little Mary.

The only thing which disturbed Stuffie's happiness was the nearness of Tiny, the handsome St. Bernard who lived next door. Every time Stuffie saw the magnificent Tiny lying in the sun near his doghouse or ambling in stately dignity around his yard, he seethed with anger and barked sharply at his huge neighbor.

But the dignified Tiny paid no attention to the yapping little Stuffie, with his small plump body and clean white coat.

"Hello, small fry," Tiny usually growled with indifferent friendliness when they met.

"Mary says I'm jealous of Tiny's good looks," Stuffie often muttered to himself. "But I'm not. I know I'm a better dog than he is, even if I haven't got a beautiful head, graceful legs, and a long tail. Bah! I hate him!"

One day, when he saw the splendid Tiny, who was looking even handsomer than usual, the infuriated little Stuffie decided to take a walk, to try to forget his despised neighbor. He slipped out of the house through the special little opening, which Mary's mother had cut in the back door for him. The hole, covered by a swinging panel of wood, was just large enough to allow Stuffie's body to squeeze through.

Stuffie walked and walked until he finally reached the railroad yard. He forgot his hatred of Tiny in his interest in exploring the yard. He leaped from a platform into an open box car. But, before he could jump out again, the

car's door suddenly slid shut and the train began to move.

Frantically Stuffie barked and scratched on the door. But no one heard him.

Long hours later the train stopped and, finally, the doors opened. With a yelp of joy, Stuffie jumped out to freedom.

But his joy soon turned to bewildered fear. He was in a strange place. There was not one familiar landmark.

For long, weary days he trudged along strange country roads and unfamiliar city streets. He ate whatever he could find. He slept, when he was too tired to move another step.

At last one morning, he reached the outskirts of his own home town. His heart almost burst with joy when he saw the first familiar building. Breathless with eagerness, he rushed toward his own street, his own house.

Panting with happiness, Stuffie bounded up the walk to his home. Suddenly he skidded to a stop and stood still, trembling.

Tiny was lying on Stuffie's own front porch.

"What are you doing on my porch?" Stuffie growled, his hair bristling.

At that moment, Mary walked out on the porch. When she saw Stuffie, she uttered a loud cry of joy. Happily Stuffie sprang into her outstretched arms and nestled against her shoulder, while she patted him gently.

After awhile Stuffie remembered Tiny and growled down at the huge dog.

"You mustn't do that, Stuffie," Mary told him. "Tiny lives here with us now. You see, the people next door moved away and gave Tiny to me, because I was so lonely without

you. So he's your big brother now." Then she put her mouth close to Stuffle's ear and whispered, "But I still love you best, Stuffle."

The next days were miserably unhappy ones for Stuffle. He hated the majestic, indifferent Tiny more than ever. Mary tried to teach them to play together. Tiny was willing to be friendly. But little Stuffle was sullen and heartbroken. When Mary wasn't looking, he nipped Tiny's plummy tail or silky legs.

"Gee, if I were only as handsome as that big palooka, maybe Mary would give him the air," Stuffle murmured to himself mournfully.

One morning Mary tried to teach Tiny to lead Stuffle on a leash. She fastened his little harness around Stuffle's body and put the end of the leash in Tiny's mouth. Willingly Tiny moved forward, but Stuffle refused to be led. Tiny pulled with all his strength and dragged the resisting, struggling Stuffle round and round the yard.

Finally Stuffle gave up the battle and meekly followed Tiny. Then, suddenly, Stuffle saw his chance for revenge. He leaped forward and nipped Tiny's tail with his sharp teeth. The surprised Tiny dropped the leash and growled with pain.

Then, with unexpected swiftness, he turned, grabbed Stuffle by the neck, carried him across the yard, and dropped him in a pail of water.

That night, lying at the foot of Mary's bed, Stuffle dreamed of ways of getting rid of Tiny. Suddenly he awakened and sniffed the air. Smoke! Something was burning!

Sparks from the living room fireplace had popped out on the rug and low red flames were creeping across the room.

The smell of smoke grew stronger as the fire spread and blazed higher. Stuffle jumped up barking loudly.

Mary's mother heard him. She awakened with a start and smelled the smoke. Quickly she rushed from the room and saw the flickering light of the flames downstairs.

Terrified, she ran into Mary's room, picked up the little girl and fled down the stairs and outdoors. Stuffle started to follow, but cowered back when he saw the crackling flames along the walls of the stairway. Stuffle was more afraid of fire than of anything in the world. Whimpering with fright, he crouched in a

corner of the upstairs hall near the stairway.

When Mary and her mother reached the outdoors, Tiny was waiting for them. He stood silently, while excited neighbors rushed across the lawn and called the fire department.

Suddenly, in her dazed excitement, Mary noticed the waiting, watching Tiny. Quickly she looked around, searching for Stuffle. He was nowhere in sight. Frantically she turned toward the burning house and called his name.

Huddled in the upstairs hall, Stuffle heard Mary's voice, but he was afraid to run through those terrifying flames.

Mary started toward the house in desperate determination to save Stuffle. But strong hands pulled her back. Sobbing, she called, "Stuffle! Stuffle!"

Suddenly Tiny's shaggy bronze body dashed through the open front door and into the flame-filled house. He leaped up the burning stairs, lifted Stuffle by his neck and started down again. When he reached the front door, his way was barred by a solid wall of roaring fire. He moved toward it, but the heat drove him back.

Tiny turned and ran toward the kitchen. The door was closed, but Tiny did not hesitate. He dropped the half-fainting Stuffle in front of his little panel and pushed him through the opening. Then Tiny tried to force his own way through the door, but he could not push even his head into the small panel.

Gasping for breath, Tiny staggered away from the door into the smoke-filled room. Flames surrounded him on all sides and, at last, he sank, exhausted, to the floor.

When he felt the cool, fresh air of the outdoors, Stuffle's head cleared. He stumbled around the house to Mary, who picked him up with cries of joy.

"Tiny! Where's Tiny?" she cried.

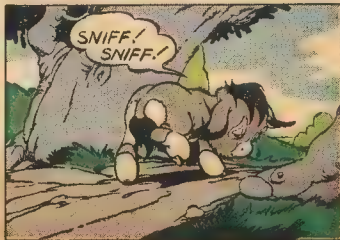
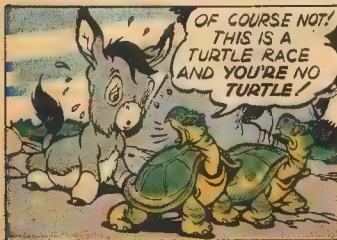
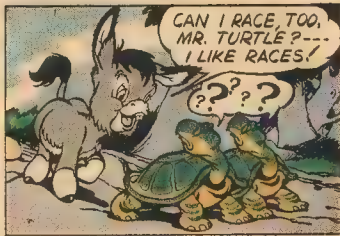
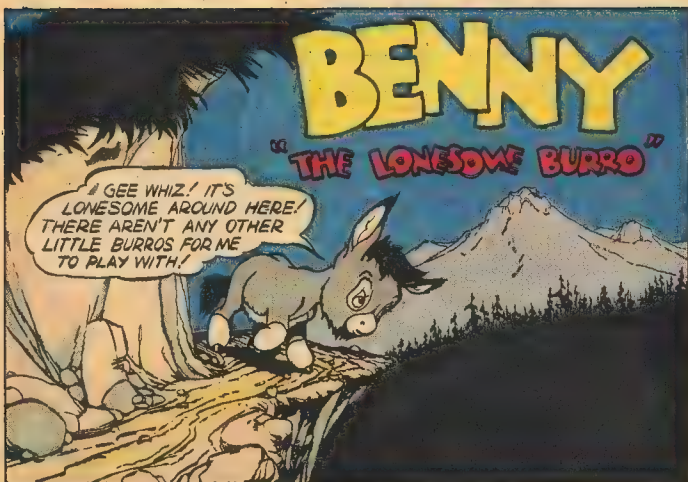
A moment later two firemen walked from the burning house. In their arms they carried Tiny's still body. Gently they laid him on the grass.

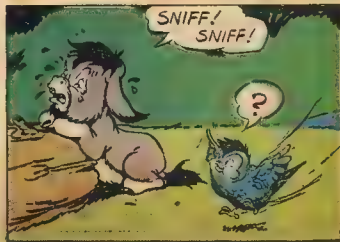
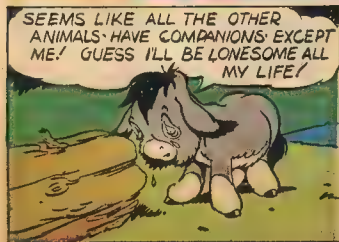
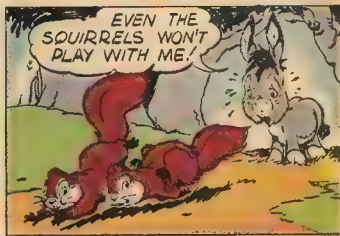
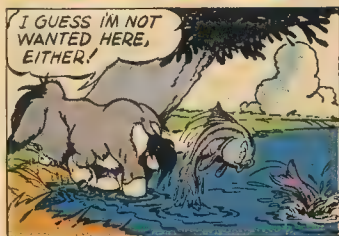
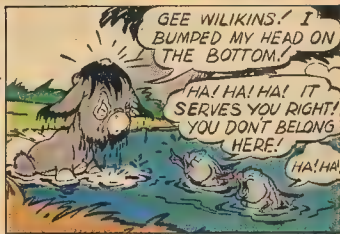
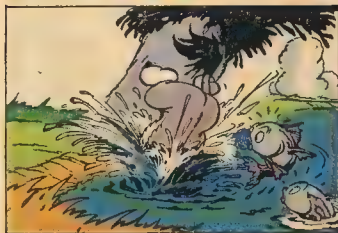
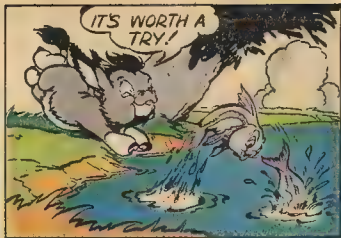
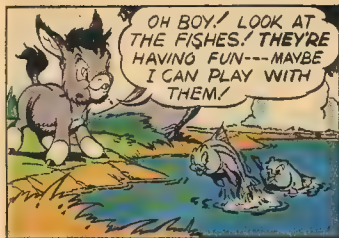
From the safety of Mary's arms, Stuffle looked down at the gallant Tiny, whom he had once hated.

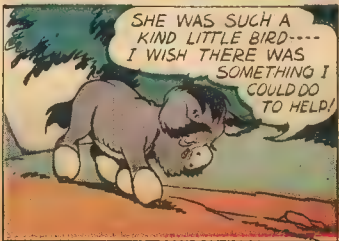
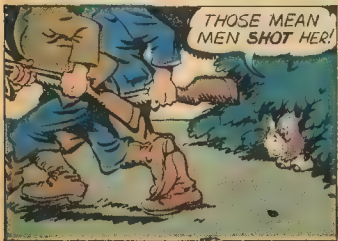
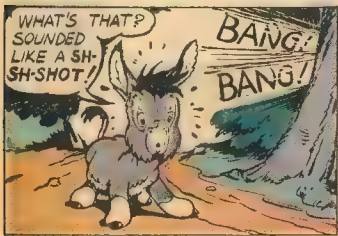
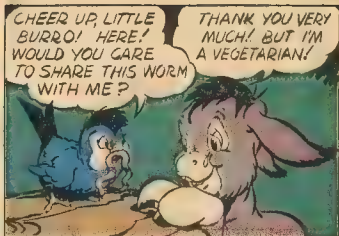
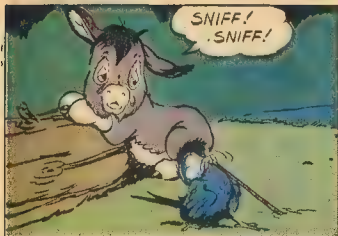
"Tiny was always your friend, Stuffle," Mary sobbed. "And he gave up his own life to save yours."

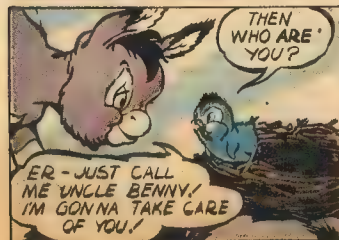
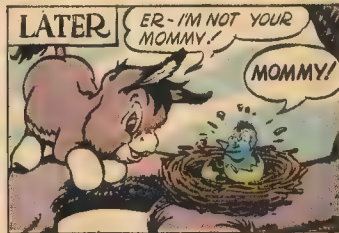
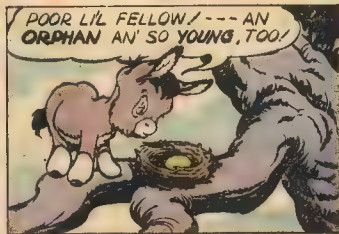
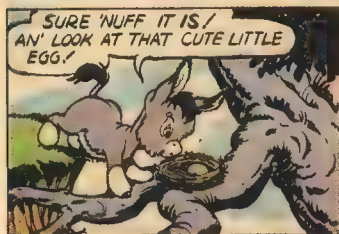
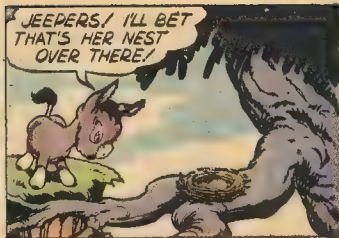
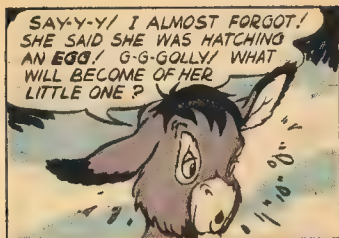
BENNY

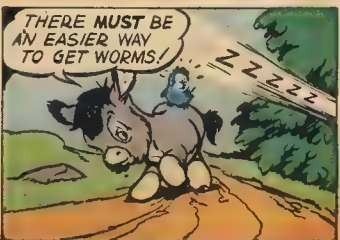
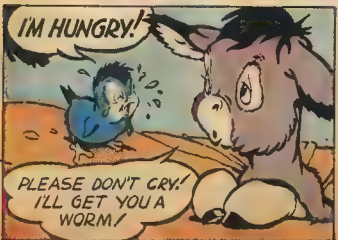
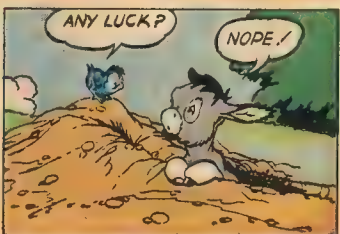
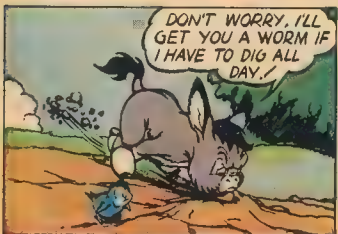
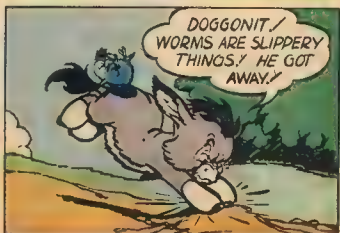
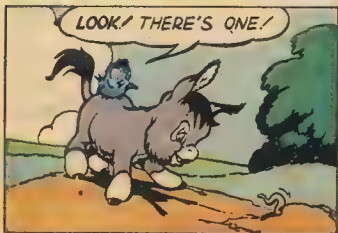
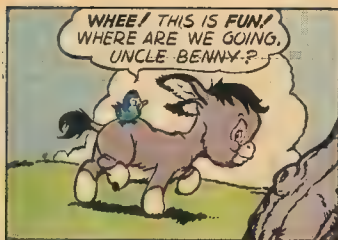
"THE LONESOME BURRO"

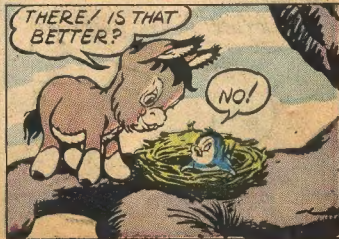
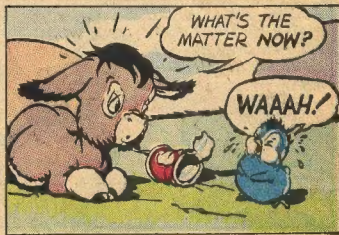
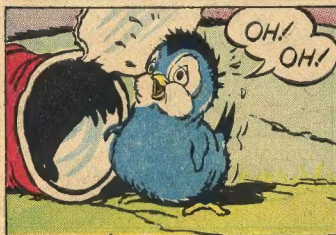
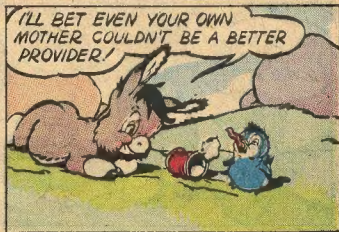
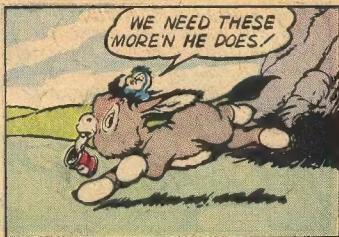


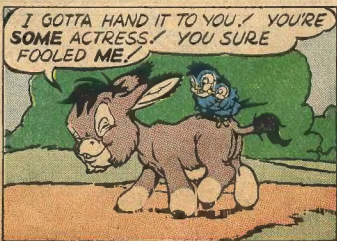
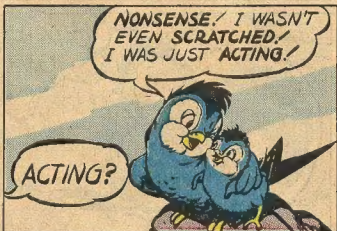
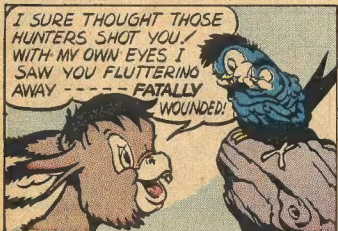
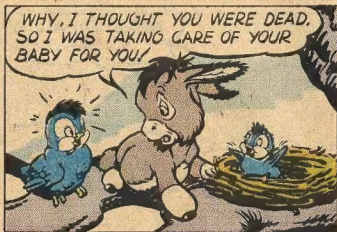
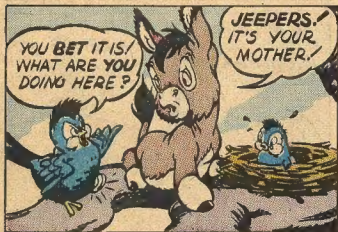
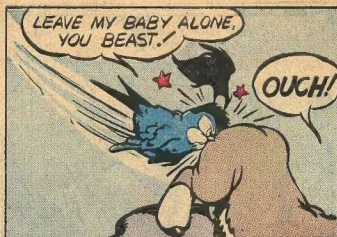
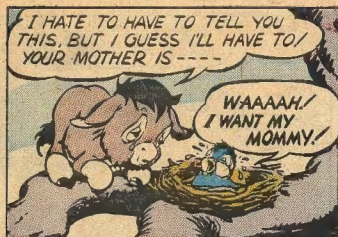












HELP KEEP AMERICA STRONG

These pictures
are from
STUFFIE,
The Pete Smith
story on
page 56



